

# THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

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Sunday, Aug. 25, 1935

## The Fascinating Wall Paintings Of Pharaoh Seti's Temple

Religion, Life and Royal Ceremony in  
Ancient Egypt Before the Time of  
Moses Revealed in Curious Detail  
by Pictures Made 3200 Years Ago



The Pharaoh Seti, as Priest and King, Offers a Splendid Gold Collar and Breast-plate to Osiris, Attended by a Winged Angel.

THE magnificent paintings from the Temple of Pharaoh Seti I at Abydos, published by the Egypt Exploration Society of London and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, furnish perhaps the best and easiest opportunity yet offered of understanding the religion of this interesting ancient nation, so closely connected with Bible history.

The first volume reproduces paintings from the chapels of Osiris, Isis and Horus—three of the seven forming the Temple. Osiris was the sun-god, the creator, the deity of the Nile, the champion of mankind, and was in constant conflict with his brother, Set, the god of evil and darkness.

Osiris was vanquished and slain and journeyed through the underworld, but was avenged by Thoth and Horus and rose again in triumph—a personification of the setting and rising of the sun.

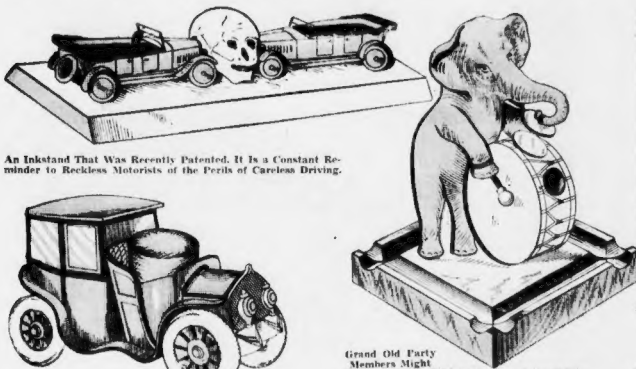
The great Pharaoh Seti I was so passionately devoted to the worship and rites of Osiris that he intended to make posterity confuse him with the god. The paintings in the Temple represent the worship of Osiris as it was performed daily, but the Pharaoh has piously had himself depicted in place of the usual priest.

While the object of the paintings is mainly religious, they reveal much of the daily life of Egypt, especially as led by Pharaoh and the upper classes of the time. They show the common animals of the land—the jackal, cat, hawk, camel and so forth. When Pharaoh presents a shepherd's crook and a whip to Osiris, you see the kind of crook the Egyptian shepherd used and the sort of whip that fell on the back of some unfortunate Israelite. The little sacred emblems presented to Osiris—the ibis, jackal, hawk, and so on—are probably like the toys of the royal children.

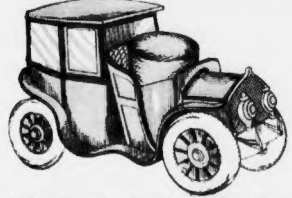
The Pharaoh Presents a Whip and Shepherd's Crook to Osiris, That He May Beat the Wicked and Guard Mankind.

The God Osiris About to Open a Door and Go Forth to Battle With Man's Enemies.

# Inventors Inspired by Unabated Vogue for Ornamenting Desks

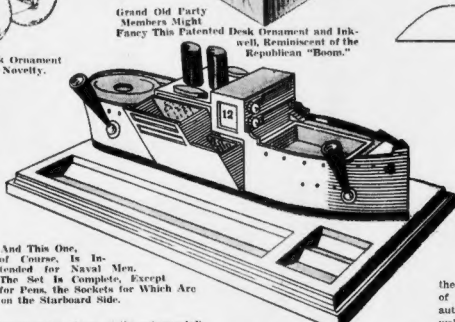


An Inkstand That Was Recently Patented. It Is a Constant Reminder to Reckless Motorists of the Perils of Careless Driving.



An Early Automobile, Patented as a Desk Ornament in the Days When Motor Cars Were a Novelty.

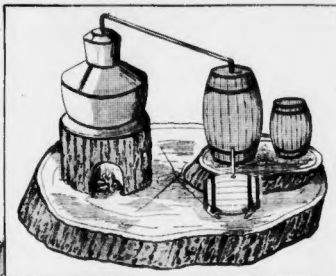
JUST why the imaginations of inventors should be so prolific when it comes to thinking up gadgets to go on desks is difficult to say, but it is a fact borne out by the cluttered files of Uncle Sam's Patent Office in Washington. In the past 50 years hundreds upon hundreds of patents have been granted giving the inventors the exclusive rights, for a number of years, to inkwells and penholders of amazing variety. The sketches reproduced on this page were taken from the patent papers and show only a handful of the utilitarian ornaments which the inventors hoped would strike the fancy of manufacturers and retailers, not to mention such members of the general public as sit down to desks to write letters and cast up their accounts.



And This One, of Course, Is Intended for Naval Men. The Set Is Complete, Except for Pens, the Sockets for Which Are on the Starboard Side.

ornaments is shown at the extreme left of the page. It is a combination paper weight and inkwell and, evidently, is

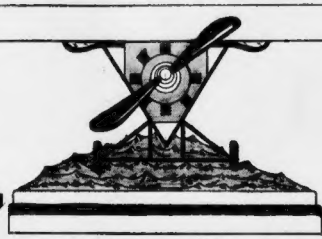
intended as a reminder to careless automobile drivers. In the center of



Suggestive of Hill-Billy Life, or of Prohibition, Is This Replica of a Good Old-Fashioned Whisky Still.



A Woman Inventor Has This Interesting Set, and in Case You're Wondering Why Uncle Sam Is There, It's for the Purpose of Holding Stamps.



This Desk Set Holds Pens, Ink, Etc., and the Propeller of the Plane Serves as an Electric Fan.

the inkstand is a small reproduction of a human skull against which two automobiles are crashing. The inkwells are in the bodies of the automobiles, one intended to hold black ink and the other red ink.

Just beneath this device is another gadget inspired by the motor car. A patent was granted on this invention back in 1907 when "gasoline buggies" were new and luxuries which could be afforded only by the affluent. In this case the roof of the closed car lifted up to reveal the inkwell and, for some strange reason, the front seat was a pin cushion.

Loyal Republicans might have been expected to fall for a combination inkwell and paperweight which is an elephant standing on a stout base. The beast, like some of his tame and trained relatives in the circus, is upreared on his hind legs and beating a drum, which holds the ink.

It is inevitable that the ships of the sea, and of the air, would be the inspiration for imaginative minds figur-

ing out what men would like to have in their offices and in their homes. One of the ornaments duly filed with the thousands and thousands of accessories in the Patent Office is a miniature vessel with a couple of cannon-like projections on its starboard side. These, of course, are to hold the pens—one for black ink and one for red ink.

Besides this objet d'art is one of the most ingenious of accoutrements for the desk—a miniature airplane that is an inkwell, pen rack, light and electric fan. The fan is the propeller of the plane and is so made that, with the help of electric current, it can provide the occupant of the desk with a cooling breeze. The light is in the rear of the plane so that it will shine downward, with the wing of the little ship acting as a reflector.

During Prohibition a North Carolina man had the bright idea of making an inkstand patterned after a still—the same sort of contraption that the moonshiners of the Kentucky mountains used for making the potent beverages that they have turned out for many a year, in Prohibition and out. The small keg beside the barrel connected with the still is the inkwell.

The sketch at the extreme right of this page shows an ambitious tableau decorating an inkstand. Uncle Sam, believe it or not, comes into the scene for the express purpose of holding stamps.

How many of these desk ornaments ever found their way to factories and from there into the homes of buyers would be hard to say, but this does not detract from the energy or the ingenuity of the men and women who visualized them and took the trouble to protect their ideas with patents.

## Kansas University's Best Looking "Man"

GIRLS will be girls in Kansas University, as elsewhere—except once a year when they don masculine clothes and make merry at an affair known as the Puff Pant Prom.

In justice to the pretty co-eds on the campus it should be explained that they haven't the slightest desire to transform themselves into men. They are quite content to be members of the fair sex, and this party of theirs gives them an opportunity to burlesque the masculine stunts and some of their amusing and annoying characteristics and manners.

The young "man" shown in the photograph at the left is Miss Betty Lou Parkinson, of Topeka, Kansas, who captured the prize for being the best looking pseudo-male at the prom. She dressed up in a borrowed suit of clothes, carefully combed her close-cropped hair, affected a collegiate pipe and otherwise looked and behaved like one of the boys.

Several scores other feminine students at the university tried hard to win the honors that were bestowed upon Miss Parkinson. Some of them managed to look almost as much like a college boy as she did, but the committee of judges unanimously awarded her the palm.

The young men on the Kansas University campus are not supposed to be present at the Puff Pant Prom, which is an exclusively feminine affair—a sort of reverse English stag



party where the girls can enjoy themselves away from the critical eyes of the so-called stronger sex.

But somehow one or more boys managed to crash the party and find out what the girls think of the modern college boy in general and the men at Kansas University in particular.

A year ago a husky member of the football team was able to fool the alert guards at the door and to deceive them into thinking that he was a young woman posing as an athlete. His makeup was a masterpiece of job that would have done credit to the makeup expert of a Hollywood studio, but he was eventually spotted because of some gesture that was peculiarly masculine. He was promptly unmasked and evicted by a flying squadron of girls before he had much of a chance to find out what went on and go back to his buddies and report.

Miss Parkinson managed to look so authentically mannish that a few newspapers in the country, missing the point that she was a girl, published her picture, calling her Mr. Parkinson and commenting on her masculine handsomeness.

## Sun-Ray Suits Not for Public Beaches

EVERY year for several seasons now bathing suits have been getting scantier and the public attitude toward such outfits has become surprisingly broad-minded. But there are limits beyond which the style cameras at public beaches will not permit anyone to go and daring young women have been shooed away from the seashore and told to go home and get more clothes on.

This being so, it would seem that the type of suit shown in the photographs below is illegal and just too revealing to cover the law. But in the Miami sun bathing establishment where they are standard equipment, they are

proper and popular.

Technically the outfit is not a bathing suit. It is cut as it is so that the health-giving rays of the sun can shine on as much of the body as possible, the wearer still being "dressed." So far the abbreviated costumes have been worn only at private beaches and at establishments where the fair sex goes to absorb the ultra-violet beams that emanate from the sun.

Arthur Ellis, the inventor of the new suits, predicts, however, that the public is pretty well educated to revealing beach wear and that there is a good chance that, within a year or two, such outfits will be seen at public resorts.



The New Sun-Bathing Suits That Have Become the Vogue in Miami Among the Private Beach Guests. They Are So Scanty That They Have Failed to Be Okayed on the Public Beaches.



"Mr." Betty Lou Parkinson, of Topeka, Winner of the "Perfect Man" Title at Kansas University, Where Annually the Co-eds Dress Up Like This at Their "Puff Pant Prom."

## Irish Potato Really Bolivian

MANY people found out something that they didn't know before when Dr. Clarence K. Jones, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, recently was quoted in a newspaper as saying that the familiar Irish potato isn't Irish at all, but a native plant of South America that spread over the world from the highlands of Bolivia.

Scientists whose job it is to check the history of growing things have known for a long time that the edible root which they call the "Solanum tuberosum"—the so-called Irish potato—was first discovered and cultivated in South America, in what is now Bolivia, and in the adjacent countries of Peru, Ecuador and Colombia.

How far back the Indians of these countries grew and ate "Irish" potatoes is hard to say, but it is known that the Spanish explorers brought the potato to Spain from South America soon after 1500. In those days people were not quite sure that the potato was good to eat, but before 1550 the vegetable was being grown in Italy and in Austria. Slowly it became known further North and in the early 1600's potatoes were a successful field crop in Ireland, where the soil and the climate seemed especially suited to them.

The "Solanum tuberosum" was first brought to America in 1719 by a company of Scotch-Irish immigrants who settled at Londonderry, New Hampshire, and planted a field with some of the seed potatoes they had brought to the New World.

From Londonderry the potato gradually found its way to every section of the North American Continent where, understandably enough, it was known as the Irish potato.

Because of the confusing, and entirely wrong, stories attached to the so-called Irish potato, few people have understood where it came from and how it came to be known as a product of Erin's Isle. One version of the spread of the white potato which has been printed and reprinted in many books is that it was found growing in North America by English colonists and carried back to England by Sir Walter Raleigh who taught his countrymen the pleasures of tobacco.





# Murdered Victim's Arm Found in a Shark's Belly

## Extraordinary Series of Almost Incredible Happenings Which Reveal an Unsuspected Murder and Cause Another Mysterious Killing

SYDNEY, Australia, Aug. 6. **T**HE murderers of James Smith, a well-known sportsman, of this city, took his dismembered body out on the ocean and fed it, piece by piece, into the mouths of a shoal of tiger sharks.

Then they returned to land, confident that whatever happened, to night happen, this was one victim of whom neither hide nor hair would ever be found.

But they were mistaken. As the killers sailed secretly over the surface, an almost miraculous chain of events was going on underneath, causing Smith's right arm to be transported with torpedo-like speed to the shore and into the hands of the coroner.

Smith's killers, believed to be local members of the international drug-smugglers' ring, had committed the crime with such methodical care that even now the authorities are not certain where and how it was done. Disposal of the body in the most "perfect" manner known to science would complete the "perfect" crime.

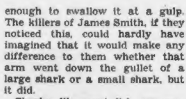
They knew that if remains are buried in the earth, the grave may be discovered. If sunk in the ocean, though loaded with weights, the accusing thing has a habit of somehow getting to the surface and floating ashore. To destroy it entirely by fire is almost impossible except in the furnace of a crematorium, and so much as a single tooth in the ashes may be enough to identify the victim. Chemicals, such as acids and quicklime, are effective on some parts of the human anatomy, but not on others.

The sure method is to get animals to eat the body. But to make a perfect job of it, they must be induced to consume every scrap—hair, bones, skull, teeth and all—a thing that even lions, tigers, wolves and jackals in wildest Africa refuse to do.

Yet the murderers of James Smith knew where to find creatures willing and able to perform this service for them. So they took the dismembered arm on a boat out of sight of land, and tossed it, bit by bit, to the great man-eating sharks that infest the waters of Sydney harbor and vicinity. It is easy enough by throwing a little meat overboard to attract these sharks in large numbers. Presumably this careful gang took special pains with the head. When they saw that go into the throat of one of the monsters, crushed by the now upon row of powerful teeth, they knew that the gastric juices of the stomach would quickly finish the work of obliteration. After the last morsel and bit of bone was safely inside one of the sharks, the murderers, as they washed their hands, may well have said each other how a coroner would ever find enough of that body to know that James Smith was even dead.

In the water under their keel, that question was being answered. The gang may or may not have noticed that one arm was captured and swallowed not by the biggest of the man-eaters, fourteen feet long and more, but by a baby shark, which must have been desperately hungry to take the chance of dashing in among monsters big

Jaw of a Tiger Shark, Showing Its Size.



enough to swallow it at a gulp. The killers of James Smith, if they noticed this, could hardly have imagined that it would make any difference to them whether that arm went down the gullet of a large shark or a small shark, but it did.

Sharks, like most fish, are cannibals, and the baby shark was apparently spotted by a big one. A monster more than fourteen feet long. Before the little fellow could realize its peril and flee, it had been swallowed by the great shark arm and all.

Had the murderers known of this small submarine tragedy, they could hardly have guessed that it would have any significance for them, but again it did. Had the baby shark been permitted to reach some safe hiding place, its stomach would soon have digested the flesh of that arm to a degree making it impossible for anyone to identify it. But the baby shark quickly died in its big brother's stomach, and therefore its gastric juices stopped working on the arm, while its body acted as a protection for the arm against the juices of the big shark's stomach. Even so, this would have meant only an hour or so of delay had not the big shark gone on to further adventures.

It is entirely possible that the murderers, returning in their boat, may have witnessed the dismay of Albert Edward Hobson when he came spearing for eels. He had just returned from his net off Cooze Beach. A large shark had gotten there ahead of him and had ripped the costly net to shreds. Under such circumstances fishermen usually shoot or spear the shark as quickly as possible. In this case there was no hurry, because Hobson quickly realized that the ruin of his net was already complete and that the shark had managed to entangle himself in the wreckage.

Hobson did not know where he could get the money for another net, and if the returning gangsters witnessed the fisherman's distress, they no doubt found it amusing. Having the professional criminal's inevitable contempt for the man who earns an honest living, the sympathy of these human



Reginald William Holmes, the Wealthy Friend of Smith, Whose Own Mysterious Murder Followed the Discovery of the Arm.

sharks would be with their friends, the poor sharks, who were so obligingly destroying evidence against them. They would not have laughed had they dreamed what the next sequence of events was to be.

Hobson, his wife and three children, saw a possibility of making the shark pay for its own damage. Getting help from people on the beach, he towed the shark ashore at a spot about 300 feet from a swimming pool. The pool, though full of water, was not in use, because Australia has winter when Europe and North America are in the midst of Summer. If he could get the shark to the pool alive he might charge admission and perhaps collect enough money for a new net.

As usual, there were plenty of willing hands and feet to volunteer for such an interesting attempt, but it was no easy job to carry a live and unwilling man-eater of that size one hundred yards up the beach. Also, it had to be done quickly, or the water animal would die before it got back into its element.

They rigged a contraption of poles and ropes and started hopefully up the beach on the run. About half-way the captive put up such a struggle that one of the poles broke, causing considerable delay for repairs. Nevertheless the shark reached the pool alive and for a while swam feebly around but its exertions on the long time out of water proved fatal. Finally it turned over and died, but first it became nauseated,

The Hungry Little Shark Turned and Gulped Down the Severed Arm, but Before It Could Flee a Huge Tiger Shark Caught and Swallowed It, Arm and All. Only to Be Captured a Little Later, and Thus the Murder of Smith Was Revealed.



James Smith, the Murdered Man.

vomiting the contents of its capacious stomach. Many fish appeared of which Hobson was probably the rightful owner, then came the body of a rat and one or two other objects only to be found near shore, and finally the partly-digested form of the baby shark. One of the spectators poked at the small shark with an oar, asserting the thing disintegrated and to everyone's amazement, out dropped a human arm.

The arm was fished out and on the skin, plain to every eye, was the tattooed picture of two crossed anchors, wearing red shorts. Reproductions of the tattoo marks in the newspapers brought prompt and positive identification as the right arm of James Smith, a sportsman who had been missing for fourteen days, but with no suspicion of murder, even in his wife's mind.

Medical examination showed that the arm had not been bitten off by a shark but severed with a knife at least several hours before it got into the shark's stomach. This pointed to murder but with not much else to guide them, the police at first struck somewhat in the dark, arresting Patrick Brady, a sheep-shearer, because he was the last man seen with Smith and also because he seemed to have been on the fringes of the drug-smuggling band. There was reason to believe that lately Smith had accidentally learned more about this gang than it was safe for anyone to know.

Brady denied any knowledge of the

crime and the police had very little on him except that two window weights, some wire and a small anchor were unaccountably missing from his house. But the uncanny, almost supernatural manner in which one shark, inside of another shark, had brought in this piece of evidence from the deep sea, seems to have thrown a superstitious panic into other members of the gang, causing more things to happen.

First, a powerful motorboat which the Government officials had suspected of running out to pick up smuggled packages dropped from incoming liners, burned up at her moorings. This did not seem significant until it was found that the boat carried \$42,500 insurance with Lloyd's, but no effort had been made to collect any of it. The only reason known to the police for scrambling to collect insurance money is that the insured does not wish to have questions asked.

Could this be the boat used to throw Smith's remains to the sharks? Investigation showed that the real owner was Reginald William Holmes, a wealthy boat-builder, whom the police had already been questioning merely because he was supposed to have been lately one of Smith's close friends.

They now dug into Holmes' private life and found connections with that same smuggling band. It was rumored that Holmes had indicated that he would turn King's evidence at the inquest, revealing not only the story of the murder, but the workings of the drug ring. Shortly after this became known, the police got word that a marine seemed to be speeding all around the harbor. The police boat set out and captured the man, who was bleeding from a bullet wound in his head. All he could say was: "The pigs got me. They'll get me." Holmes was quieted, but would make no explanation as to who "they" might be, or as to how he came by the wound. He did not dare to talk, he said.

After this, and only a day before the inquest was scheduled to be held, three men walking under Harbor Bridge heard what they thought to be the back-firing of a car. They turned a corner and saw a car parked but did not go near it, believing that it merely contained a pair of lovers.

The police found the car a little later. Holmes was inside, huddled in a heap, dead from three bullets under his heart. He had been seen that evening, driving with an unidentified man. The theory of the authorities is that someone, or more than one, perhaps, feared Holmes' testimony at the coming inquest. He might have known much about the case. Later developments indicated that he did know a great deal. In any event, his killer worked on the theory that dead men tell no tales.

With the main witness murdered, Coroner E. T. Oram opened his inquiry. It was not called an inquiry because the lone arm could not be called a body. Plenty of men are alive minus a right arm, and so might be Smith, though anyone who had had it hacked off in this clumsy way would almost certainly have bled to death.

Holmes' widow, a pathetic figure, said that her husband told her that Brady murdered Smith. She said Brady came to see her husband, disheveled and bloody, and asked for a drink.

Mr. Clive Ewart, Brady's counsel, contended that there was no evidence against Brady. Mrs. Holmes' statement, he said, was "outrageous."

"No other corner in history," Counselor Ewart declared, "would admit statements made by a person who could not be brought into court." By this he meant the statement that Mrs. Holmes said her husband made to her.

In English law there are conditions, it was explained, where it is held that the corpse itself, or the body of a murdered person, is not necessary. Australian law is based on English law, but strictly all modern English precedents do not have to be followed.

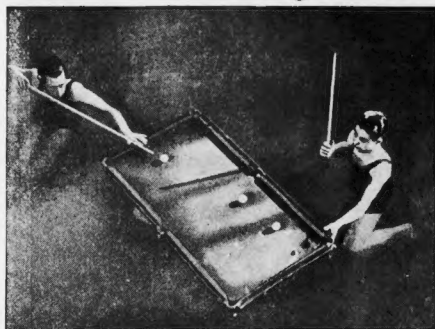
Counselor Ewart appealed to the Supreme Court in behalf of his client, Patrick Brady, not insisting strictly upon the rules of evidence.

There can be no inquest," Counselor Ewart insisted, "without a body."

However, Brady is still in jail awaiting trial. How strong the case against him may be is not generally known. It found guilty, probably the authorities would let him off easy if he would help them convict the big men higher up. Yet, should he turn King's evidence, it is doubtful if there is any place in prison or out, where he would be safe from the vengeance of the international network of drug-smugglers.

Whatever the outcome, Australia believes it has produced the most remarkable fish story since that of Jonah and the whale.

# A Swimming Pool To Sit On—You Don't Have To Swim



It Is Impossible to Sink in the Pool, and Because of the Extraordinary Buoyancy of hundreds of people who never have mastered the knack of swimming. As the photographs on this page show, the water in this pool is so buoyant that humans float about as though they were made of cork. One of the pictures shows a vacationer reading the morning paper while he drifts about in the sunshine and fresh air without moving a muscle.

Of course, the water in this pool—and it is one of several such places in Droitwich—is salt, and not ordinary sea water. It is pumped into the pool from natural brine springs 200 feet below the surface. By some remarkable chemistry of Nature this brine is ten times as saline as sea water, and so heavy with salt in solution that bathers, when they dry in the sun, are covered with a white incrustation.

Not all the bathers who visit Droitwich go there just to have fun in salt water so dense that people can play pocket billiards

and drink their afternoon tea literally sitting on the surface of the famous



You May Sit on the Pool, Like This Bather, and Read Your Newspaper. That Is Because an Inexhaustible Supply of Brine Is Pumped Up at Droitwich From a Depth of 200 Feet.

Two Fair Bathers Who Pause in Their Swimming to Remain Buoyant. While Exchanging Fire for a Smoke.



## Handy Little Buddha To Keep Lovers Happy

If Paula Lichtwitz, a promising young student of sculpture at the Fine Arts Academy in Vienna, hadn't married Franz Hausner, also young and a civil engineer, the gift shops of Paris, Vienna, Berlin and other European cities would not be doing a rushing business in the little "Santi" Buddhas shown in the pictures below. "Santi" is a Sanskrit word meaning peace, particularly the peace and happiness of married couples.

Franz became jealous of Paula and the time she spent with her friends at the art school. They quarreled often, even though they were deeply in love with each other and were on the verge of breaking up when an old artist told Paula about an ancient Burmese Buddha which had been used for centuries to bring happiness to troubled young lovers. The figure had a place for two candles—one for the man and one for the woman. When the candles were lighted it meant, without further words, that the unhappy couple wanted to patch up their misunderstandings.

Paula dug up a picture of the Burmese Buddha, molded a likeness of the figure from clay and left a book describing the statue and its use where

her jealous husband would find it. Then she lighted one of the candles. When she came home that night the other candle was lighted, the sculptress and the engineer fell into a tearful clinch and the story of their romance—and their "Santi" image—spread around Vienna.

A manufacturer of novelties saw great possibilities in the Buddha to keep young lovers happy. He cast several thousand of them from Paula's original and had a booklet printed describing the legend and the use of the image. The fact that the Hausners have made several thousand dollars from the sale of the statues hasn't decreased their happiness.

Paula von Hausner, With Her Buddha, Santi, Whom She Has Brought Into Fashion as a Benevolent Arbitrator in Lovers' Quarrels.



This Is How to Patch Up Your Quarrel. You Merely Pay a Compliment to Santi by Light- ing the Two Candles Which Comprise His Shrine—or, at Least, That Is the Tradition.

pool. In fact, the majority of the town's temporary residents go there to

EVERY country has its Sandows and Samsons, husky and hardy individuals who go around spellbinding their fellow men by tying iron bars into knots, tearing thick telephone books with their bare hands, letting automobiles run over their necks and otherwise demonstrating their durability. But Australia is convinced that it has, in the Great Coleman, the toughest strong boy to be found anywhere on this planet. This fellow, as the photograph at the right shows, takes punishment with a grin.

For centuries the fakirs of the East have been asserting the mastery of mind over matter, or something like that, by lying about the crowded streets on beds of spikes. Perhaps the Great Coleman got the inspiration for his most spectacular trick from these dusty magicians, but he's not content merely to stretch out on a barber's board. He puts a board driven full of sharp nails beneath his wide shoulders, "bridges" like a wrestler and lets his partner make a human chopping block of him.

As the picture shows, the heavy log is placed on a rack which reaches from the strong man's neck almost to his knees. The chopper stands on top of the heavy log and slashes away with a sharp lumberman's axe. He hits hard, too, and the impact of his blows is imparted to the great Coleman's shoulders, which are pressed down on the sharp points of the nails.

The average man couldn't even begin to do the stunt. It would be impossible for an ordinary man to hold the rack and the log with his back on so uncomfortable a "rest." But the Great Coleman seemingly ignores the nails and usually exhorts his partner to "go ahead and chop." If he suspects that the fellow is easing up on his blows with the axe he insists on taking more punishment.

At the end of the ordeal, which usually lasts from three to four min-

utes, the Great Coleman lets members of the audience inspect his back. From shoulder to shoulder the flesh is deeply indented where the sharp points of the nails were thrust into the flesh, but it is seldom that the skin is broken.

Physicians who have stood by while the Great Coleman submitted to this abuse always express their amazement that the nails do not puncture his hide. It is their guess that he treats the skin of his back with brine to toughen it, but they agree that the layers of muscle beneath the skin are extraordinarily thick and tough. If this were not so the Great Coleman would be in a hospital instead of traveling about Australia making a handsome income from his ability to absorb punishment.

It has been figured that when his assistant strikes a solid blow with the axe the pressure on Coleman's shoulders is equivalent to a dead weight of about 160 pounds. So far as is known, no Indian fakir ever has draped his body across a bed of spikes with anything like this poundage on top of him to add to his physical discomfort.

The great Coleman performs many other feats besides this one, and doesn't let a mud letting automobile loaded with people run over him.

means spring, was mentioned in the survey of England which was made in the 11th Century and for many generations after that the healing springs were the property of the British Crown. In the 11th Century the town paid a yearly tax of about \$225 to the King, which is only a small fraction of the money spent in a single day now by people who go there to float about in the pools for fun or to cure their aches and pains.

It Is the Daily Custom of Visitors "Taking the Cure" at Droitwich to Enjoy Afternoon Tea in the Pool.

but people arrive, hopeless, in bath chairs, and, in a short while cast aside their crutches and skip about like goats.

Ancient records show that the town of Droitwich, which is about 126 miles northwest of London, has been famous for its salt springs since the early Middle Ages, although it is only within the past few years that big modern pools open to the general public have been built.

Several years ago the ruins of a Roman villa were unearthed in the community and it is not unlikely that the bath-loving minions of the Caesars disported themselves in the thick salt water bubbling up through the earth and kept themselves in shape for their strenuous military and administrative duties.

The town, which undoubtedly got its name from the word "wych," which

## Taking Punishment is His Job

EVERY country has its Sandows and Samsons, husky and hardy individuals who go around spellbinding their fellow men by tying iron bars into knots, tearing thick telephone books with their bare hands, letting automobiles run over their necks and otherwise demonstrating their durability. But Australia is convinced that it has, in the Great Coleman, the toughest strong boy to be found anywhere on this planet. This fellow, as the photograph at the right shows, takes punishment with a grin.

For centuries the fakirs of the East have been asserting the mastery of mind over matter, or something like that, by lying about the crowded streets on beds of spikes. Perhaps the Great Coleman got the inspiration for his most spectacular trick from these dusty magicians, but he's not content merely to stretch out on a barber's board. He puts a board driven full of sharp nails beneath his wide shoulders, "bridges" like a wrestler and lets his partner make a human chopping block of him.

As the picture shows, the heavy log is placed on a rack which reaches from the strong man's neck almost to his knees. The chopper stands on top of the heavy log and slashes away with a sharp lumberman's axe. He hits hard, too, and the impact of his blows is imparted to the great Coleman's shoulders, which are pressed down on the sharp points of the nails.

The average man couldn't even begin to do the stunt. It would be impossible for an ordinary man to hold the rack and the log with his back on so uncomfortable a "rest." But the Great Coleman seemingly ignores the nails and usually exhorts his partner to "go ahead and chop." If he suspects that the fellow is easing up on his blows with the axe he insists on taking more punishment.

At the end of the ordeal, which usually lasts from three to four min-



Coleman, the Australian Strong Man, Lying on a Spiked "Pillow," Nonchalantly Absorbing the Shocks Caused by the Man Standing Above Him Chopping a Heavy Log, Also Pressed Against Coleman's Body.

## Executed at Last, New Brunswick's Ventriloquist Hawk

OLD HANK, a fish hawk well known to guides and hunters in the New Brunswick woods for 10 years, is dead—and good riddance to him. He was shot down, at last, by Peter Darveau, a guide who is proud of having "rubbed out" partridge enemy No. 1.

The late Old Hank was, without doubt, one of the smartest members of his breed that ever swooped down on a hen yard or a covey of partridges. All his life he lived on the fat of the land and, at the same time, kept out of range of the dozens of guns eager to put him out of business. His special delight was young partridge and, in season, he caught and ate hundreds of these birds which never grew up to furnish sport for hunters. Old Hank was a master at catching them

cause, believe it or not, he was a ventriloquist who could "talk" just like a mother partridge.

The female partridge is a smart bird. When she is bringing up a family, the youngsters who never let the fledglings get far away from her, and the instant she hears a sound she clucks out a warning which sends the family running for cover—while she travels in the opposite direction. This, of course, is to call attention to her and away from her brood.

If the mother thinks she has been seen by a human being she plays a clever game of "possum" and drags one wing along the ground as though she were wounded. This is an instinctive trick to lead intruders away from the youngsters. It usually works except with expert woodsmen,

who are wise to the ways of partridges.

The small birds make no sound, nor do they move until the mother clucks a peculiar call which means "O. K., the coast is clear." The moment they hear this they run to the mother.

Old Hank, in some way that never will be satisfactorily explained, found out how to imitate the partridge call and doesn't let a mud letting automobile loaded with people run over him.

He would spot the family on the ground, watch mother and young go in opposite directions and then, from the ground or a tree branch, give the O. K. signal. The brood would come

out of hiding and Old Hank would have a meal.

A decade ago when a New Brunswick guide first related the almost unbelievable antics of Hank, the ventriloquist hawk, his colleagues got a great laugh out of the story and advised him to change his brand of liquor. But within the next five years at least half a dozen guides and hunters had caught Old Hank at his meal-catching trick and the cagey bird became a living legend.

Not long ago Peter Darveau, setting out with a party of hunters, saw Old Hank preening himself high up in a pine tree. Old Hank saw Darveau, but too late. The instant he took off, a bullet from a high-powered rifle finished him and his partridge pilfering.



# Cutting Dreams To Work

**Dr. Laird Explains That the Subconscious Mind Never Sleeps, but Keeps on Creating Ideas Which, if the Dreamer Remembers Them, May Solve Problems That Have Baffled Him During His Waking Hours**

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sc. D.,

Director, Colgate University

Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

**D**ON'T look upon sleep as a void, as a mental vacuum. One of the best times to do serious thinking is during sleep. Our heads are likely to be just as active during sleep as they are while we are awake. If sleep seems like a mental blank to us, it is because upon awakening we forget all that has been going on during the eight very active hours our heads are on their pillows. With many persons, in fact, it seems as though they to their best thinking while they are asleep.

Just a few weeks ago, for instance, knowledge leaked out that the new fool-proof device for measuring gas consumption had been invented by the British scientist, Charles V. Boys, in his sleep. This new device, which uses only a slight amount of power for its operation, was created by his apparently sleeping mind and appeared in a dream from which he awoke in great excitement and hastened to his laboratory to construct the machine designed by his dream-mind.

Professor Boys said, "The instant I awoke in the morning I saw before me, apparently projected on the wall, the completely worked-out process." For some twenty years previously, however, he had been thinking from time to time about the machine, but without finding out just how it could be made. Then, like a flash, its solution came in a dream.

"But," Professor Boys seriously says, "don't let me be mixed up with any of this apocryphal nonsense. It is nothing more than having the mind saturated with a subject and then—if your mind is on it—thoughts come to you, not by direct intention, but out of the sky, out of nowhere."

We are all more or less familiar, of course, with the active mind of the sleeper which causes one to talk or walk in sleep. Spectacular examples of this are common. One happened recently in Canada, when a man dreamed his house was on fire and broke through a window to run to it.

These dreams of fires are false alarms, due in all likelihood to too much excitement or worry. The dream imagination was not creative in these instances; it was, instead, simply running riot.

False dreams of fires and similar catastrophes, and the terrifying dreams known as "nightmares," however, lead many folk into believing that dream creations are always bizarre and impractical. Some, who have not studied all aspects, even look upon dreams as dangerous to the individual. Far from being dangerous in the long run, these dream-creations are safety valves which help keep people sane, and the "horror" dreams can be controlled by proper dieting and mind training.

The eating habits of millions of people have been changed as the result of a creative dream life. When a doctor at an institution founded by one of the great food manufacturers the other day, the vigorous eighty-four-year-old founder told me how he had invented a kind of cereal which is now eaten the world over.

"I was training my patients to eat dry food for the purpose of stimulating the flow of saliva," he said. "Among other things I required patients to eat a bit of dry, rather hard cracker at the beginning of each meal."

"One day a lady came to my office and told me that she had chewed crackers because my prescription had broken her artificial teeth. This called my attention to the fact that people with artificial teeth and people with no teeth and people with sore teeth might have difficulty in taking my prescription."

"So I began to search for some method of preparing cereals which would put them in such shape that while dry and crisp they could be chewed by persons with false teeth or no teeth at all. I tried various schemes,



"The instant I awoke in the morning I saw before me, apparently projected on the wall, the completely worked-out process," said the Scientist in Describing His Dream-Invention.

but none worked.

"One night I was awakened by a telephone call from the surgical ward. After answering the telephone, as I went back to bed the suggestion came to my mind that the dream which was interrupted by the call was important and that I should pick up the ends of the dream and finish it as in so doing I would find something important."

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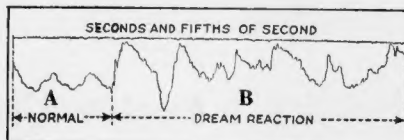
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"The Nightmare," Vividly Pictured by the Distinguished Painter, Johann Lux. These Dreams of Horror Are Totally Unproductive, but Can Usually be Guarded Against by Proper Dieting and Mind Training.



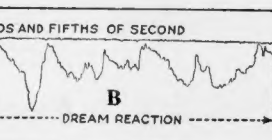
The Automatic Record of a Pulse Before and During a Dream. Note the Difference Between the Record of the Normal Pulse (A), and the Excited Movement of the Recording Needle During the Dream (B).

"But what was my astonishment," Tartini recorded, "when I heard him play a sonata of such exquisite beauty as surpassed the boldest flights of my imagination." On awakening, Tartini wrote down the music which today thrills thousands as "The Devil's Sonata."

All the creative workers of the world—inventors, writers, musicians, artists—are more dependent upon their dream creations than is usually realized. Benjamin Franklin recorded that in 1764 he often "saw into the hearings of political events which baffled him when awake." Samuel Taylor Coleridge dreamed the poem which conquered for the first time the difficulty of writing in irregular metres—"Kubla Khan"—and wrote part of it down in the night and the balance the first thing in the morning. His equally famous "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," which every high school pupil reads, also took shape in a dream.

Once this strange, yet universal, power to do creative work in dreams is well cultivated, then it can be done without having to go into deep sleep. After some skill is acquired, drowsiness is as satisfactory as profound sleep. The drowsy state, halfway between being asleep and being awake, or the hypnagogic state as it is called, is especially fertile in mini-creations of practical value. Everyone is familiar with this state which occurs just before going to sleep and again just before completely waking up in the morning when part of the brain seems to be awake and part of it asleep; in the hypnagogic state we can hear the chiming of the alarm clock or can hear someone calling us, but a part of our brain is asleep and we cannot answer the sounds we hear. It is at these times, as though our ears were awake but our tongues still sleeping.

When we lounge around after a heavy meal, or are stretched out in the sun, our minds often approach the same hazy hypnagogic condition which is the stuff from which genius is made. When we are bored by something and let our mind wander, or when hypnagogic thoughts will flash through our minds like meteors through space. While playing an uninteresting game



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I least expect them," he says, "often when I am half-asleep or day-dreaming."

"An idea may come to me from within all of a sudden," also reports inventor M. M. Goldenstein. "This encourages me to spend more and more of my conscious hours in thinking about the problem, but in most cases I find that the subconscious mind has done for me more than I could consciously accomplish. Waking up about 2 or 3 A. M. and lying in bed in perfect darkness I would suddenly have before me on the ceiling or the wall every minute detail of a complicated wiring diagram. Sometimes hundreds of wires would appear before me properly interconnected to accomplish just what I wanted to get in my conscious hours."

A novelist who won the Pulitzer prize, F. S. Stirling, uses this hypnagogic state for his creative writing, as have many, if not most imaginative writers. Mr. Stirling gets up at 3 o'clock in the morning and drives into the woods, taking along a stack of paper and pencils. He writes until he doesze into half sleep, and when he wakes up again he resumes writing the story.

Incidents which have developed in his dream-mind during the doze. All day long he alternates dozing and writing. Like many creative writers, he believes the South and the tropics to be the best location for their work, since the hot climate makes one sleepy and thus encourages the dream-like hypnagogic condition of mind.

Julia Ward Howe, the Civil War poetess, crowned her literary career with her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The words for the hymn came to her one night in the fall of 1861, when she had spent the day watching soldiers march through Washington, D. C., to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

The story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was devised in the dreams of Robert Louis Stevenson, as were many of his delightful stories.

The English poet, Maasefield has also had many dream-creations. We can dream these creative things while we are half awake. That is what genius is. Or we can walk or talk in our sleep—the same creative mind-stuff in the source of either nuisance or genius.

The Historic Dream of Richard III of England, in Which He Saw Throwing Him the Spirits of All Those He Had Murdered, Was Not the Useful Type of Dream, but a Nightmare That Solved No Problem for Him.

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# Tragic End of the Hermit's of the Hills

**D** ID Nemesis, daughter of Night and goddess of Vengeance, direct the footsteps of some deeply wronged human to the lonely cave where a fear-ridden man, giving his name as J. W. Corter, sought safety?

There are sturdy citizens of Arkansas, where the Buffalo River twists its sinuous way through the wild hills, who are convinced that the man Corter came there to hide, fearing the vengeance of some fatal man; and that his fears were so well grounded that today he lies deep in a rocky cavern with tons upon tons of rocks shored down upon his body.

It was a queer outfit that rolled into the Rock Spring school neighborhood in Marion County. The man who said that he came down from Missouri gave his name as J. W. Corter. He had an antiquated little car, guns, traps, blankets, hounds and a few provisions. He asked about the hunting and trapping in that vicinity and was directed to "Old Man Hirsch."

"Right out yonder, through that faint trail a couple miles," Hirsch told him, "in the hills of Buffalo River, you will find game in plenty."

Corter was about thirty-five, of medium height and light weight. He seemed to be slightly tongue-tied and there was no question but what some great fear was in his heart. He drove his old car through the trail.

The next day Mr. Hirsch waited in to see how the man was getting on. He found him camping on a ledge above the river, with a cave above and a cave below. Hirsch suggested that he would be more comfortable in a cave. Corter moved into the lower cave.

His first act was to find another way out, up through a hole. He made a ladder of saplings and set it up there. Then he made a barrier of rocks and roots across the front. A few weeks passed and Hirsch saw nothing of the stranger, nor did he expect to see him. Then he saw him on the road coming from the village store. Mr. Hirsch gave him a ride to where the trail started from the highway. Corter swung his sack on his shoulder, took his can of gasoline and just as he was about to enter the trail he turned to Hirsch.

"You haven't seen any stranger about here, have you?" he asked.

Hirsch said that he had not.

"You would be likely to see a stranger if he came around these parts, wouldn't you?" Corter persisted.

Hirsch said that he certainly would.



Before the Lower Cave, Outside the Barrier, Lay Corter's Hound, Shot Between the Eyes. On the Ledge Above Lay the Sack of Potatoes. The Hermit Had Vanished and Was Somewhere Under the Pile of Dynamited Rock.

"He was the scariest man I ever saw," Mr. Hirsch said, telling about this later.

Four days later two of Corter's three hounds came to the home of Frenner Patterson and seemed to be suffering from neglect and especially hunger. Patterson fed the dogs and then got his brother, Jeff, and his son-in-law, Isaac Haysinger. They started for the cave.

Before the lower cave, outside the barrier, lay Corter's third hound, dead, shot between the eyes, as though he had rushed out to attack a stranger. On the ledge above the cave lay the sack of potatoes, can of gasoline and other articles, as though they had been suddenly dropped at the crack of a rifle from a man in ambush.

The three men went to the cave below and found Corter's guns, some traps, pet-stretchers and other belongings.

The men returned and got Sheriff Oscar Barnett and Chief of Police Ciro of the town of Marshall. They examined the upper cave after deciding that no struggle had occurred in the lower cave. The ladder to the rear exit was still in place. In the rear cave they found blood stains, and a road map of Missouri.

Then, back in the cave was a hole, filled with rocks and these rocks were newly split, the cleavage showing that they hadn't been there at all. Further investigation showed that the stone roof of the cave had been carefully drilled and blasted with dynamite.

Three of the drills lay on the floor of the cave. The fourth drill was in the cave below. Evidently the dynamite had taken his time. To have taken his time he would first have to get rid of Corter.

There was every appearance that Corter came down over the hill train with his load, to the ledge above, on his way to his cave below, when he had been shot from ambush. The dog might have rushed out at this and also been shot.

Why the man did not bury the dog is a mystery, since he took so much pains to drill and blast to fill the hole. Extra men sought to remove the rock, which they did for some twenty feet. The hole turned there and large rocks still filled it. Small stones could be heard rattling down between the big rocks.

The old car was gone. If Corter didn't have enough gasoline to drive the car to the village, how could a stranger have taken the car out?

He might, the authorities figured, have known all about the car, as well as all about the man. That he knew about the dogs seemed to be apparent, for he had killed the only really ugly dog of the hills.

It is doubted if the country can afford to dig out the tons of rock to see if there is, at the bottom, the body of the murdered Corter. Every indication points to but one thing, the man fled down there at night—he was mortally afraid some man might overtake him. He had done something, evidently, that could be "squared" only by his death.

# Human Body Analyzer As Mineral Storehouse

**T**HE old nursery rhyme to the effect that little boys are made of "toads and snails and puppy-dog tails" is somewhat exaggerated. As for that, the claim in this same verse that little girls are made of "sugar and spice and everything nice" is also a fallacy.

A modern and truthful version of that old rhyme, as to the constituents of little boys and girls, could be made to read:

Calcium, zinc, and copper so red,  
Magnesium, potassium, nickel and lead,  
Gold so costly, silver so bright,  
Tin and iron, aluminum light,  
Sodium so salty, cobalt so blue.

And so many more metals are all part of you.

This holds true with all humanity, old and young. It is believed that growing children have more of certain of the minerals in their bodies than adults, but every human being has a large variety, and of some of these elements a surprising quantity of minerals in their various organs. They must have these in order to live. Nearly all of these twenty or more minerals in the human body come under the classification of metals.

There is a reason for the presence of every one of these metals in the human body. Nature does not do things without reason. It has long been known that there is iron in the human blood, and calcium in the bone structure. Only of late years, however, has it been known that so many other minerals and, especially, metals are contained in the human system.

Gold and silver, it has been found, are everywhere in the system and especially in the heart and lungs. The saying: "He has a heart of gold," has no bearing on this, for the quantity of gold and silver in the heart and the rest of the body is so infinitesimal that it is impossible to prove its presence by chemical analysis. The only way it was proven that humans contain these two precious metals was by the physicist's spectroscopic, which is capable of detecting a few atoms of any of these metals in the midst of billions of atoms of other elements.

Calcium, which is given to the human system, contains one or more metals or non-metallic minerals. Gold and silver, medical scientists say, are "accidental," breathed into the lungs because minute particles are floating about. Few if any of the other metals are in the body by accident.

Just as the discovery of vitamins, not so long ago, revolutionized man's knowledge of what is best and worst in foods, so has the discovery of all these metals in the body added to medical knowledge of man's need for these metals and minerals and the better methods of adding them when there is a deficiency.

Calcium, needed for bone structure, is of equal importance in another direction. A lack of it in the system may cause insanity. Titanium, an exceedingly rare metal, is found in the lungs, as is aluminum.

Gold and silver, it is believed partly responsible for physical height or lack of it. But, since zinc is found in that gland in considerable quantity, it may be that too much of it will make a man grow to circus "giant" height, or too little will prevent his reaching growth.

"Iron for the blood" is true enough, but until recently it was not known that copper is quite as important for good blood-making as iron. Professor E. B. Hart, of the University of Wisconsin, and other scientists have discovered this fact. Lack of copper may be quite as responsible as lack of iron in anemic cases.

Rare or very rare vitamins have been found a great help in anemic cases, and now it is found that there is more copper than iron in liver.

Tin may be responsible for the sense of taste. A number

of medical authorities hold to this. Tin is found in the brain and in the tongue.

A lack of iron, copper, magnesium and potassium in the human system will cause death. A deficiency of these will cause serious illness. Doctors now know how to best supply these elements.

The best known example, probably, of how a lack of metals or non-metallic minerals may be supplied is in iodine. Lack of it causes goiter. Iodine is added to many municipal water supplies and also mixed with table salt. People who eat a great deal of sea food are not affected with goiter, since iodine is most abundant in such foods.

Nickel and cobalt are similar minerals and, when mined, they are usually found together.

They are also together in the human body, and it may be that an insufficient supply of these metals in the body will result in dread diabetes. To arrive at this conclusion may seem a round-about way, but a logical one. Nickel and cobalt are found in the pancreas help in converting the sugar into a food.

There can always be a lack of these minerals are lacking, too much sugar remains unchanged, and diabetes results.

Bromine, like iodine, is a non-metallic mineral, is a regulator of man's metabolism. It is found in the thyroid gland, and helps in relaxation—sleep.

A German physiologist, Professor Hermann, is convinced that bromine is one of the regulators of sleep. It is found in vegetables that are grown near the sea and also in marine vegetation.

There can always be a lack of these minerals are lacking, too much of it in the system may destroy the enamel of the teeth and cause them to darken.

Ordinary sulphur has recently been traced to be close to the secret of life itself. One of the chemical compounds of sulphur is sulphuric acid, which has some close relation to all kinds of living activity. Experiments by experts in the United States Public Health Service and also by Dr. F. S. Hammett, of the West Institute of Philadelphia, have shown that when plants are deprived of living cells, work and divide vigorously. Where there is a lack of it, or where other chemicals neutralize the effect of sulphuric acid, cell activity is greatly lessened.

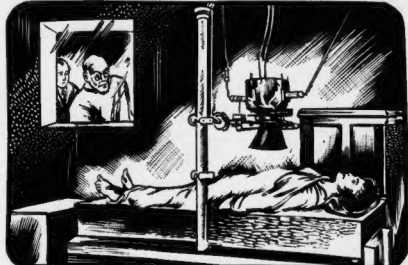
Magnesium is necessary to plants. They will die without it. It provides part of the green coloring matter in plant leaves. Without it the leaves turn yellow and the plant dies. Less than a year ago Professor E. C. Mott, of Johns Hopkins University, proved that a little magnesium is as necessary to the existence of animal life as to plant life. Take magnesium from animals and they pass into comatose and die.

Professor McCollum and his associates also found that another mineral, manganese, is of great importance to life. A tiny trace of it is needed in the pituitary gland, just underneath the brain, in order that man may develop into normal maturity.

While a lack of gold and silver are in the human body as to be detected only by the use of a spectroscopic, other metals are found in surprising quantities. Fully a pound of potassium is in the average human body. Potassium is slightly radioactive, but much weaker than radium.

This is another of the minerals that man must carry about in his system if he would live. Potassium has much to do with the muscles and forces the eye to close, causing metal may be responsible for heart failure. A normal diet of meats and fresh vegetables will supply a sufficient amount of potassium.

Of the metals or more minerals in the body, half of them are metals and all, with a few rare exceptions, necessary to health and longevity.



Calcium and Zinc, Copper, Lead, Gold and Silver and an Astonishing Number of Other Minerals Are Found in the Human Body, Placed There in Many Instances by the Food Taken Into It. It May Be Zinc Which Affects Growth.

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This is another of the minerals that man must carry about in his system if he would live. Potassium has much to do with the muscles and forces the eye to close, causing metal may be responsible for heart failure. A normal diet of meats and fresh vegetables will supply a sufficient amount of potassium.

Of the metals or more minerals in the body, half of them are metals and all, with a few rare exceptions, necessary to health and longevity.

There can always be a lack of these minerals are lacking, too much of it in the system may destroy the enamel of the teeth and cause them to darken.

Ordinary sulphur has recently been traced to be close to the secret of life itself. One of the chemical compounds of sulphur is sulphuric acid, which has some close relation to all kinds of living activity. Experiments by experts in the United States Public Health Service and also by Dr. F. S. Hammett, of the West Institute of Philadelphia, have shown that when plants are deprived of living cells, work and divide vigorously. Where there is a lack of it, or where other chemicals neutralize the effect of sulphuric acid, cell activity is greatly lessened.

Magnesium is necessary to plants. They will die without it. It provides part of the green coloring matter in plant leaves. Without it the leaves turn yellow and the plant dies. Less than a year ago Professor E. C. Mott, of Johns Hopkins University, proved that a little magnesium is as necessary to the existence of animal life as to plant life. Take magnesium from animals and they pass into comatose and die.

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# Curing The Gypsies of Their Wanderlust

**I**T is the common belief that the gypsies who wander along the countryside in their covered wagons, camping now and then beside the road, have to lead this sort of unsettled life because "it is in the blood." But, like many other popular notions, scientific experiment and investigation show that this is not true. There is no more reason why a gypsy should wander around with no fixed place of abode than anybody else. It is habit, and the habit can easily be broken.

In Norway the gypsy has been a pest for a long time and the government decided to establish a Gypsy Mission, where any gypsy child under the age of four could be taken in and brought up in the home like any other normal child. Over a period of nearly forty years hundreds of gypsy youngsters have been brought up in the mission and it has been found that most of them have no desire for the wandering life which their parents and older brothers and sisters love to follow. The gypsy child, if caught young enough and brought up in the mission, prefers to settle down and stay put, leading a serene and useful life.

For more generations than man can remember it has been claimed that gypsies have wanderlust instead of blood in their veins. There is a tradition that gypsies, shut up in houses for any great length of time, would wither away and die. A great many gypsies come to New York, leave empty stores or uninviting flats, and live throughout the winter.

Norway, like every other country, had her share of trouble with gypsies. Following the Thirty Years War, there was an invasion of gypsies from India through the countries, people scarcely adapted to a cold Scandinavian climate. The authorities there, like the authorities in most countries, adopted punitive rather than paternal tactics with the gypsies up to recent times. In 1897 it was decided to establish a Gypsy Mission. The first of its kind, as far as known.

Then the treatment of gypsies was more humane. At that time there were four thousand gypsies in Norway. By 1937 there were only two thousand gypsies in that country. Today the number is a little under eighteen hundred.

This decrease is due largely to the work of the Gypsy Mission, which organized good homes, for the most part suburban and country, where gypsy children are taken in. A certain small percentage of these gypsy children have been known to go back of their own accord and roam the



The Missions Have Brought Many Improvements in the Mental and Physical State of the Gypsies by Taking the Juveniles into Homes and Giving Them Proper Education. They Have Been Noted Also Their Habits.

country. But, as Doctor Gisholt, superintendent of the mission, points out, a certain number of ordinary children, born in ordinary homes, grow up to acquire a wanderlust, although their forebears, for generations, may never have traveled fifty miles from their birthplace.

Mission authorities feel that positively that a gypsy child need not be classed as a hereditary wanderer. They claim that the yearning to roam from place to place is not an inbred instinct, but merely evidence of the influence of environment.

In the education of the children, it has been found that no Herculean measures are necessary to instill in them a sense of domesticity. Provision of comforts and improved sanitation have a prompt effect upon the youngsters. Once they have been placed in good homes they react normally in most cases and become settled and satisfied.

Another thing has resulted from the paternal instead of the punitive treatment of the gypsies—they have improved greatly. There is less thieving, they have acquired a Roman aristocracy. There can be little chance for gypsies in an experiment that has been carried on for nearly forty years. A great many of the gypsy children who were put into good homes during the first few years that the mission was organized are, today, solid, prosperous citizens of Norway. They have married well, they have excellent families, good homes, farms or trades.

The health of these gypsy children is, on the whole, a great deal better. There is an erroneous belief that gypsy children, living so in the open, are especially healthy little "human animals." This is far from true. Their food isn't suitable, their environment isn't good, and they are sickly. Some are reared in boats, others in wagons that are either too cold for them or entirely too "air tight," so that the air they breathe is usually stale and unwholesome.

There used to be an expression which is probably still in use in many sections of this country—brought over from countries in the old world—"An smart as a gypsy!" Gypsies are not smart. They are not even as smart as the average citizen. In the superintendent's recent report on his study of gypsies he calls attention to intelligence tests that have been made which disprove the common belief that they are exceptionally gifted, mentally.

That they have largely been dishonest and addicted to crooked dealing, as well as thievery, is too well known to be argued. This has demanded a certain sly, sneaking sharpness. The report calls it a "certain low-grade nimbleness of wit." This is all that the gypsies can be credited with in the way of intelligence.

And here, the common notion that gypsies have been dispelled by means of careful and long study.

Gypsy children are not extraordinarily healthy little human animals from living in the open. Their health is below that of ordinary children.

And, most common of all beliefs, now proven to be erroneous, is that it is the gypsy blood that makes them wanderers.

# Couldn't Help Winking at Everybody, But Surgeon Fixed It

**A** NEW version of the long-familiar advertisement—

"They laughed when I sat down at the piano—was given to the continent's greatest brain surgeon and nerve specialists in Montreal recently. Addressing the annual sessions of the American Neurological Association held in the Canadian city, Dr. Francis C. Grant, eminent Philadelphia neurologist, cited the strange case of a young man from his own city who had been afflicted with 'jaw-winking'."

"People laughed when he sat down to eat," Dr. Grant said, but today, thanks to the development of neurological science, the young man is a distinct social success and a favorite with his wide circle of friends.

The young Philadelphia's affliction was embarrassing rather than serious, the doctor explained. Every time he began to chew he would begin to wink with his left eye. And the possibilities of such an action leading to trouble are obvious. If he was in a restaurant or any public place, quite naturally, anybody sitting opposite him would think he was winking at them. If the person opposite was a man he would probably laugh, but if it was a young lady, or even a middle-aged woman, he was always in danger of having her smile as well as her face.

Grant, in extremely embarrassing situations, with an appeal being made by the offended woman to the restaurant manager or even to the police to have the young man removed as an objectionable character. As a result he became too embarrassed to eat except when in the privacy of his own room, and being naturally of a shy and retiring disposition he became practically a hermit.

Eventually he could stand it no longer and went to the hospital for examination. There, Dr. Grant explained, it was discovered that when he chewed, his jaw automatically moved slightly to the right. This movement drew the flesh from the left side of his face, tightening the muscles and forcing the eye to close, causing what appeared to be a deliberate wink. Various methods of undoing this odd nervous "short-circuit" were attempted but without success, until finally the motor nerve which carried the message to the jaw muscle to pull the jaw to the right, was severed. This proved successful and the young man may now eat in public without danger of embarrassing himself or even arrest. That, naturally, has brought a welcome relief to the patient.

At the same session Dr. Wilder G. Penfield, head of Montreal's new Neurological Institute operated in connection with McGill University, announced that he had discovered that many people suffering from continual headaches and dizziness are not the neurotics they were commonly believed to be but are suffering from accidents about which they have probably long ago forgotten. In practically all cases of this kind, Dr. Penfield said, it was discovered that at some time, often after the sufferer had received a severe blow on the head.

The fact is, according to Dr. Penfield, the person so affected is suffering from an adhesion of the brain to the lining of the skull and a cure may be quite easily effected by forcing in air by way of the spine into the subdural space where it will gradually loosen the adhesion and thus give relief to the sufferer.

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# Lucky Mr. Ardis's Latest Unlucky Romance

Made a \$5,000,000 Fortune on the Stock Market When Most Everybody Else Was Losing, but Two Wives Complained His Bonds of Matrimony Were No Good, Another Killed Herself and His Fourth Now Asks the Divorce Court for Liquidation

The Picturesque Ardis Home at Miami, Florida, Where Mrs. Ardis Asserts Her Husband Humiliated Her by Entertaining Ladies of Whom She Did Not Approve.

**M**R. JOHN T. ARDIS, multimillionaire and a Social Registerite in New York and Miami, seems to have had remarkably good luck or good judgment in picking profitable commercial stocks both for himself and others when he was in Wall Street, but his judgment was not so good about the soundness of matrimonial bonds. Two wives divorced him, claiming that his love securities did not turn out at all as he had represented, and were, in fact, more liabilities than assets. Another killed herself after three months' speculation with them. Now his fourth wife, formerly Miss Florence Walker, is suing him in Miami for liquidation of the same kind of stock, complaining that the only dividends she ever received were sleeplessness, insults, beatings and humiliations.

Mr. Ardis began business life with nothing and made millions with phenomenal speed in Wall Street, where he was known as "Young Jack Ardis." Contrary to the habit of such young Napoleons, he showed remarkable prudence in difficult times. Just before the panic of 1929 he saw what was coming and sold out, making a fortune of about \$5,000,000. In that year his name appeared among New York's fashionably elite in the Social Register, and it was also there in the following with that of one of his numerous brides. After that it was left out, perhaps because he needed a rest from social excitement.

It is not likely that in business he would have offered the same kind of undesirable stock to clients four times in succession, but that is practically what the fourth Mrs. Ardis, who was one of the beauties of "The Vantiles" five years ago, says in her complaint that he did to her and the others. Among the odd and unusual features of Mrs. Ardis's complaint is that her husband was too sophisticated. As a show-girl she should have known something of sophistication, but she says she never dreamed such sophistication as his could exist even among the leaders of the intelligentsia, and that her husband "professed a philosophy of life that excluded everything worth while. She endured it as long as possible, always hoping that, by good example she might assist the defendant to mend his ways, but now at last she has given up hope."

Mr. Ardis might answer that the fault, if he is at fault, lies in his extreme nervousness. This extraordinary nervousness became a matter of court record some years ago when Dr. N. Philip Norman, a "neuro-psychiatrist," sued him for \$418,914.59, claiming that this sum was owing as part of a medical bill for pulling the matrimonially unlucky but financially brilliant stockbroker out of a threatened nervous breakdown. The psychiatrist alleged that back in 1926, after Ardis's first marriage went on the rocks, he had gone to the doctor to get some emergency nerve treatment.

Odd Photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Ardis at a Party in Havana. Mr. Ardis Is Making a Face. Mrs. Ardis Is at Extreme Right With Mr. Anderson, Whom Mr. Ardis Has Named in His Own Suit as Co-respondent.

The doctor thinks the success of his treatment was proved by the fact that his patient improved in health and got in on the Coolidge bull market. But about this time Mr. Ardis married his second wife, Alice Raftery, a pretty young concert singer of Chicago, and only three months after marriage she was killed by a fall from the fifteenth floor of their palatial New York apartment on Fifth Avenue, under circumstances which led the police to believe it suicide.

Mr. Ardis was so unnerved by this tragedy, Dr. Norman said, that he had to take the nerve-shattered broker into his own home. After he recovered he was so grateful that he wanted to make the physician independent for life. Dr. Norman swore that the broker asked him to give up his private practice and devote his whole time to himself and some choice friends of both sexes who were also nervous. In return he promised to pay the doctor \$500,000, but after a mere \$73,085.41 had been paid, his patient found the nerve to forget the rest.

The cause of this rift was said to have been a disagreement as to whether Mr. Ardis's nerves could stand taking another wife. Friends said that he went to Dr. Norman and announced that he felt the very best thing for his nervousness would be to marry Miss Mona Bennett, another lovely show-girl, by the way. The doctor then informed Ardis that his nerves would not stand being married again, ever. This made Mr. Ardis so peevish that he promptly married Mona, decided the doctor's treatment did not suit him and never went back to him. New Year's Eve of 1928 rang in that marriage with its bells, and the same bells a year later saw its end. At that festive season a cruel shock came to the bride of the Wall Street Napoleon. He advertised in the personals of the New York papers that he would no longer be responsible for Mona's debts. Tearfully she told her friends it must be a dreadful mistake, and so it seemed to be, for the very next thing anybody knew, Mr. Ardis

and his bride had gone down to Florida together, having apparently regained confidence in the bull side of the matrimonial market. But there was one thing that Mr. Ardis had not the nerve to confide to his third wife, or had the nerve to withhold from her. That was that he had had two wives before he married her. In fact, he had often told her what a sacred joy it was to be a bridegroom for the first time. When Mona found out the mistake, her nerves were so shaken that she went to Reno and got a divorce. It was about six months after this that Mr. Ardis entered the market again and married Miss Walker. He lured her, she charged, by saying he had given his only other wife \$500,000 spending money. Almost at once, it appears from her complaint, she had doubts as to the soundness of the investment Mr. Ardis had urged upon her. There was in fact the same secrecy about the previous history of his operations which had won Mona her divorce. As she puts it in her complaint:

"The defendant fraudulently and deceitfully told the plaintiff that he had only been married once before and that he was the innocent party in proceedings which resulted in her divorce. As a matter of fact, the plaintiff shortly after marriage learned from other sources and also from the defendant that he had been married three times previously; that he had been divorced by his first wife; that his second wife had committed suicide after a marriage that lasted for a few months; that his third wife divorced

Mrs. Ardis No. 4 in Everyday Costume.

him after living with him a short period. "Furthermore," she swears, "very shortly after the marriage of the parties the defendant began to show his true character, but the plaintiff was young and bewildered and did not know what course to pursue."

One of the things that bewildered her was her husband's addiction to night clubs and to clubs of a very extreme character. As a show-girl Miss Walker had naturally seen something of night life before she became a bride. But it now appeared her education in this respect had been elementary, and a post-graduate course began with marriage.

"My husband," she says, "lives a most irregular life, spending the ordinary hours of rest in carousing and drinking and spending his daylight hours or part of them in sleeping, and that because of his preference for seeking entertainment during the night time, the defendant refused to allow the plaintiff to sleep at night, and if she insists on going to bed at any usual or ordinary time the defendant creates a disturbance, turns on all the lights and effectively prevents the possibility of sleep, with the result that the plaintiff is forced to accompany him on his night expeditions."

They had a beautiful house at Miami, Fla., surrounded by palms, and it would seem as if anybody could be happy there. But being alone with his wife made Mrs. Ardis nervous. Sometimes he had gay parties there with ladies with whom she did not

care to associate. Once on a visit to Havana she would have left him after he had acted, she states, outrageously, and boasted of his conquests, but in spite of his wealth he had given her neither money nor return tickets to take her home.

"He dragged me around from one club to another in New York and Miami Beach where he wine and dined the chorus-girls," she says. "But if I danced with another man he became insanely jealous and beat me when we returned home. I stood a lot but when I found that he invited his former girl friends down to Miami to be our house guests and then made love to them I decided it was time to give up."

Their union was an elopement to Florida and for three honeymooning weeks life was a dreamland for Florence, but then she became the unhappy girl in the world. When she complained of his behavior he confessed he was not made to be true to one woman, so she avers, but said that she would be his only wife.

His sophistication grew continually more open, she complains. He told her that people who lived decently were morose and that there was nothing better for a man than to get full of good liquor and enjoy himself with a lot of broad-minded women friends, so she states.

At the night clubs he forced her to watch his technique in treating the chorus-girls and hostesses. One evening she accepted an invitation to dance with a young man who, like her, was bored by the antics of Ardis and his friends. She says Ardis became insanely jealous and when they returned home he shouted at her and slapped her. She grabbed the telephone to call for help and he fought with her for the receiver, she says, and finally he swung her 'round and threw her on the floor, leaving her with a bruised head.

"Once I found him entertaining two girls in our apartment—and it was the liveliest kind of entertainment," said Mrs. Ardis. "He actually wanted me and my friend June Hall to stay and watch them. So we stayed to see how far he would dare to go."

"Once when I was in the hospital recovering from an abdominal operation Mr. Ardis had the cruelty to call and tell me he intended to go out with other women friends as usual while I was in bed."

"I was driving in my car one eve-

ning and found his car parked near the Roney Plaza Hotel on Miami Beach. He was sitting there with a young lady—'necking,' you might say. I walked up to his car and asked him if he thought that was the right thing to do. He told me to go home and mind my own business."

"I asked the girl to get out of the car. She refused and said, 'I have a right to be here and this is my boy friend.' Then my husband drove off with the car and the girl."

"I followed him. We drove all around the beach and finally back to the place from which we started. The girl got out of his car. I saw she was intoxicated. Her clothes were ruffled, her skirt torn almost to pieces and her hair matted. I again asked Mr. Ardis to come home. He refused, so I took the keys from his car and left him there."

When they went to night clubs he would exasperate her by his quarrels with waiters and attendants over fancied mistakes, and also with visitors who objected to his sophisticated theories of life, which he was fond of discussing aloud, she relates.

Also very annoying was his habit of leaving her and the party flat. She would go to a night club, driven there because he would not let her sleep, and there he would leave her. This might have been nervousness, because many a person looking forward to a pleasant evening finds that the others are not so cheerful. But are, in fact, bored. But there are few whose nervousness is so strong that they have the nerve to get up and never come back. Usually when he did return home and she took a sleepy look at him, she would see that his shirt showed "numinous sweaters of rouge and, likewise, his handkerchief numerous sweaters of lipstick."

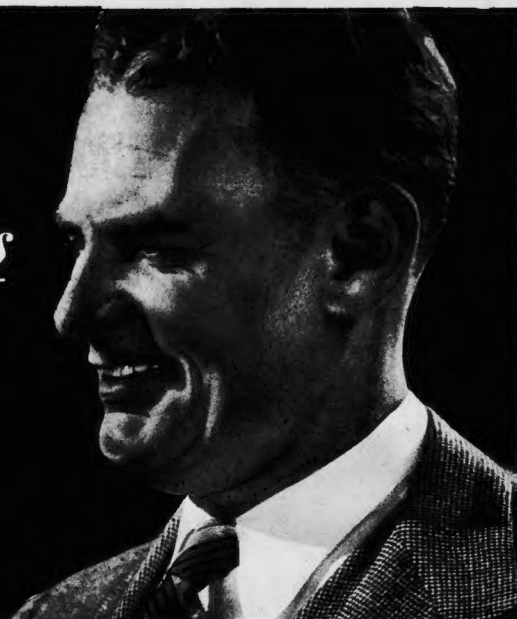
Mrs. Ardis concludes her complaint by saying that she doesn't know how rich Mr. Ardis is, but that he has never worked since their marriage and spends about \$3,000 a month, and that according to his own statement he was worth \$5,000,000 prior to the stock market crash in 1929, and that he told her he had sold out before the crash. Therefore she thought the court should award her \$1,000 a month alimony pending the trial of her suit, and also an order against Mr. Ardis restraining him from "in any wise molesting, injuring or mistreating her."

To all of which Mr. Ardis has countered with a divorce suit of his own, naming as co-respondent "one Bobby Anderson." Mr. Anderson was one of that party in Havana from which Mrs. Ardis tried to walk out.



The Fourth Mrs. Ardis (When a "Vantiles Girl"), Who, Like Two of Her Predecessors, Asks the Courts to Get Her Out of the Marriage Market.

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who has made used cars  
safe investments for the  
motoring public



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**DEALER**—the only man who sells  
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| TRANSMISSION  | GLASS        |
| REAR AXLE     | FENDERS      |
| STEERING      | FINISH       |
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Moreover, he does such a large volume of business that he can afford to sell these fine quality cars at the *lowest* prices and to give you a better deal on your old car in trade.

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**ENGINE** All parts carefully checked; valves ground if necessary; spark plugs cleaned or replaced as needed; thorough tuning to assure smooth, dependable performance.



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**REAR AXLE** Subjected to the same thorough inspection as other vital parts—and put in the same A-1 condition; all work performed by experienced mechanics.



**IGNITION AND LIGHTING** Starter checked, entire ignition system carefully gone over to assure efficient performance; lights checked and new bulbs installed where necessary.



**BODY** Body exterior and interior both carefully checked; spots removed from upholstery; carpets cleaned; hardware and appointments put in first-class condition.



**FENDERS** All fenders carefully inspected and conditioned; “dings” removed and fenders refinished where necessary; all work skillfully performed to assure a clean looking job.

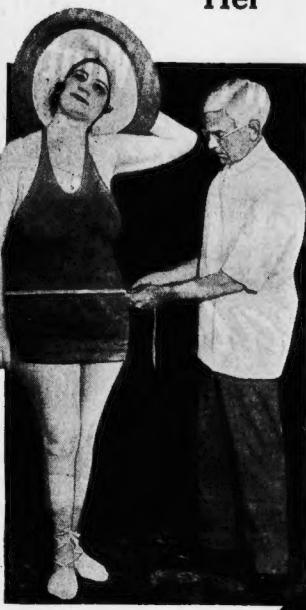


# "Give Me Beauty Or Give Me Death"

Heroic Offer of the Beauty Shop Operator Who Could Make Her Customers Prettier but Not Herself and Who Invited the Surgeons to Try to Make Her Over Even If It Killed Her



Fannie Ward, the "Sixty-Year-Old Flapper," Whose Face and Figure Are Miracles of "Beautification."



Miss Heckman's Present Figure—41 Pounds Lighter Than When the Experiments Upon Her Began.



Miss Harriet May Heckman's "Potato Face" When She Sent Out Her Despairing Appeal.

"GIVE me beauty or give me death!" cried Harriet May Heckman, of Gloucester, New Jersey.

Miss Heckman weighed 196 pounds, had a burly figure, like a man, "a face like a potato," and everything else about her equally "all-wrong." To other people she was funny—to herself, tragic. As if further to aggravate things, she was in the beauty-parlor business until she had to give it up because it almost killed her to send her customers away beautified and happy while she alone seemed to be beyond human aid. As the age of thirty-nine, life had become so unbearable that she decided to kill herself, and then she gave the matter further thought.

There was "Imperishable Fannie" Ward, also called the "perennial flapper," who, well on in her sixties and a grandmother, still managed to look like a beautiful girl in her teens, all because she had mastered some secret or other of arresting time and making herself even handsomer as she grew older. Fannie had reduced her weight thirty pounds when she wanted to, had kept her skin smooth, unwrinkled, flawless.

Then there was "Peaches" Browning, famed as the Cinderella wife of the millionaire "Daddy," for whom the surgeons had erased ugly scars from her face and literally "melted out" the excess fat from her legs by "diathermy current" to make her beautiful and slim. And, even more heroic, there was the musical comedy star, Truly Shattuck, for whom the surgeons' knives had actually carved off 64 pounds of fat, whittling her waistline down from 54 inches to 32.

If such things as these were possible, reasoned Harriet May Heckman, science ought to be able to do something for her.

Since she had nothing to lose, instead of throwing her life away why not risk it by placing herself in the hands of medical science for experiment? If they killed her, what of it? If they failed but left her alive, there was still the escape by suicide. She wrote to one of Philadelphia's largest newspapers:

"Please print this in your paper: 'I will give myself to any doctors, surgical or plastic, for experimental purposes. I want to be made over into a shorter, smaller, and altogether more beautiful creature. 'I am 37 years old, stand 5 feet, 9 inches, and weigh 196 pounds. I am in perfect health and sound and sane mind. I have no one, no relatives or friends. I will hold no one responsible for the outcome, even if it is death. 'I don't want to live any longer as I am, and I am perfectly willing to face death in an attempt. 'I have no money, but will submit to

any experiment the doctor or doctors wish to subject me to. 'If you will give this to someone to broadcast, too, I will be forever indebted to your paper. 'Let anyone who is interested in it touch with me. 'I am not doing this for publicity or for any gain other than to do something about a body and face which have made me so miserable that I will take death rather than go on!'

That honest cry of despair brought a flood of letters. Some were of sympathy from women in similar plight. Others of both sexes recommended all sorts of remedies from prayer and mental treatment to exercise, diet and medicine. Most of these she had tried without much results, others, especially the reducers, she understood were of value but expensive. Among the other propositions were 15 offers of marriage.

Marriage is her main objective but she scorned these because she has no desire for a loveless one and well she knew that only a blind man could love her as she was. In spite of her handicaps, Miss Heckman succeeded in getting to the altar once but soon wished she hadn't, got a divorce and resumed her maiden name, which seemed inevitable the one that would be carved on her tombstone. One wealthy New York gentleman went so far as to tell her that he was tired of women as made by nature and had always longed to design an ideal woman for himself. He promised that if she would submit to having herself made over according to his specifications by a surgeon, he would guarantee her a life of luxury and an enviable career.

This proposition, though interesting, fell through because she did not like his specifications. For some time none other seemed to offer any substantial hope until finally she heard from Dr. Nathan Smilie, plastic surgeon of Philadelphia, who promised that if she would be willing to undergo all the operations he wanted to perform on her as well as place herself unqualifiedly under his care, he would attempt to change her homely visage with his "old potato nose" into the dimpled, happy, Roman or Grecian-nosed face of a young and carefree person, as well as reduce her Amazon-like form at least 50 pounds and make it shapely.

Miss Heckman presented herself to the doctor, fearful that when he really saw how hard the job would be he would back out. Dr. Smilie, finding her healthy and "strong as a horse," de-

clined that she was good material with which to work. "Give me liberty or give me death!" said Patrick Henry, but he was a man and happened to be good-looking. Miss Heckman wasn't worrying about liberty. She knew that if a woman has beauty she can take all the liberties in the world and get away with it. Therefore this human "guinea pig," in offering herself to science, said, "Give me beauty or give me death. Doctor," and they went at the great experiment. In the first five weeks of diet and medicine prescribed by Dr. Smilie, Harriet Heckman lost 41 pounds. Miss Heckman believes that she looks shorter because of her slenderness, and Dr. Smilie adds that in the process of getting thinner she has shrunk about an inch in height. Her waistline is six inches less.

As for her face, Miss Heckman now rejoices in a nose that would please most any Hollywood beauty. She considers it superior to the expensive promontory Jack Dempsey had erected on his facial map. But it should be remembered that the ex-champion, at that time, had to have one that was punch-proof, whereas no man is supposed to have any desire to rock Miss Heckman. At present she is recovering, due to my clumsy size and ungainly shape, has dogged my footsteps and made me miserable ever since I accepted an experiment on Miss Heckman.

"When I was going to school in Vermont, all my classmates made fun of me because I was so large and tall. As I grew older, people did not dare to say things to my face but I knew that as I walked down the street, they were looking out of their windows and while



Truly Shattuck, the Musical Comedy Star. Before and After 64 Pounds of Fat Were Carved From Her.

per to each other. There goes that great big cow again!" Miss Heckman had her own beauty shop in Connecticut and more recently she was employed as an operator in a beauty shop in Philadelphia. "I read all the beauty magazines and know all about the latest treatments for improving the skin and hair," she said. "I watched the customers come in, get a treatment, leave fresh and happy for their husbands and dates. 'Then I glanced at myself in the mirror. I was not—I could not—be blind. I saw my awful shortcomings as a woman. I knew that I was getting on in years and I felt that I had lost whatever kind of bloom youth automatically brings with it. 'My hips were spreading rapidly; when I passed the mark at 150 pounds, I found it impossible to run up and down stairs and I even found it difficult to walk upstairs. My nose was spread-

ing until I felt it would soon cover my cheeks. My complexion was growing more blotchy and muddy. 'Every time I gave one of my customers a facial, I wished that as a cosmetologist I knew some method whereby I might help myself. 'The last straw was when a customer with an angel face and a devilish disposition looked me over and remarked sweetly: 'Physician, heal thyself.' 'I left the beauty shop that day and started selling furniture. But my appearance haunted me so that I dreaded meeting people. Imagine a salesperson ashamed to face a prospect. I have read learned articles on the importance of good clothes in selling things. But for a woman who looks like me, the better you dress her the more conspicuous her physical shortcomings become. I developed an inferiority complex to a point where I had actually made the decision and plans for suicide.

"Yet I am competent, able to learn most any sort of work and succeed at it until somebody sees me—then it's all off. As a sort of unwelcome compensation, while sickly beauties pine away and die, leaving fine men inconsolable, I have an iron constitution and seemed doomed to live to a ripe old age, hale, hearty and hideous. But I made up my mind not to let that happen. 'I have no relatives. I am a woman alone. As for friends, I have yearned for them as I have watched groups of laughing girls and young couples strolling arm in arm down the street or sitting on park benches. I have been too ashamed of my appearance ever to try to make friends and that is why I finally decided, since there was no one near or dear to me whom I had to console, that life was positively not worth living for me unless I could acquire a new outside."

Miss Heckman's daily diet for the last five weeks had consisted of six bananas, several glasses of skimmed milk and a little lettuce. Besides diet, there is medication which she declares not only has reduced her fat but has moulded her into a good shape. She has undergone several operations on the face but there are still many to come on features and figure. "The method I have used for Miss Heckman, who is a case of an exceptionally interesting case both physically and psychologically, and whom I became interested in through reading her pitiful letter," explained Dr. Nathan Smilie, "is, as far as the reducing goes, one that combines diet with special medication.

"The medication I use is non-thyroid and stabilizes the metabolism. You see, the metabolism is the government of the human body. Every government has a system of economics, which controls income and expenses. The human body has a government, too, and when the body becomes too fat, that means that the income is excessive and the system suffers from anabolism. There are no fat nations and many are economic skeletons because no matter how much they devour in taxes, they eliminate it all and more in the form of expenditures.

"The point with Miss Heckman was to reduce the fat and thus bring about a satisfactory metabolism. I am doing this by using medication, non-thyroid, which stabilizes, and also through diet. I consider thyroid a dangerous drug and do not use it.

"Miss Heckman to date has lost 41 pounds. She is in perfect health. She looks shorter because the fat on her scalp and the soles of her feet has become less. She has been slenderized six inches in the waistline alone. The fine part of Miss Heckman's reducing is that she has lost a great deal of weight where she wanted to, in the hips and thighs. "When Miss Heckman underwent her face operation, she had what we call a square potato face. After the first operation, her nose was altered and after the second her entire face was narrowed. At present she is getting her eyes done. As soon as her eyes are healed, I am going to give her dimples, a cupid's bow mouth and a permanent face lift.

"As for her body, which was big and bulky and had the square outlines of a male, it is now taking on feminine characteristics and developing soft curves. I will perform a special operation for her breasts later on, because she is anxious to have them beautified. "But with the physical changes came a great change in her entire psychological outlook. At 191 pounds she was desperate and hopeless, ready to die for beauty. At 150 she feels a new hope in life. "Miss Heckman had the ambitions of an average woman; she wanted people to like her. But when she saw other women having dates, and when she saw herself alone and unwanted, she became discouraged and depressed. She felt that either she, too, would find her place in the sun, or else she would die.

"That is why she wrote that letter which indicated she was willing to be chopped up, well out open, if only she could become beautiful. She was so desperate that life as it was meant nothing. She knew that women must look young to be flirted with. She knew that companionship depended on having friends. "She felt herself like an old tree, a dead tree, from which no foliage could grow, to which no vines would cling. In the five weeks in which she has been under my care, she has felt herself in perfect health. I want her to lose ten more pounds. I feel that when she makes her last trip to our repair shop, she will be a handsome woman full of confidence in her own feminine attributes rather than on the verge of suicide as she was when she came. She said, 'Give me beauty or death,' and I think she will find beauty."



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● To introduce the New AMERICAN RADIATOR HEATING SYSTEM to home owners we will give away absolutely free each week until further notice, one complete system up to the value of \$750.\* All you have to do to enter the contest is write a letter of 200 words or less. The first award will be announced Sunday night, September 8th over the WEAF - NBC Red Network at 7:30 p.m. E.D.S.T. Entries for the first week's prize must be received by noon, Thursday, September 5th.

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- 2 Write a letter of 200 words or less on the subject, "Why I Want An American Radiator Heating System." Sign it with your name and address.
- 3 Letters will be judged solely on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write simply in ordinary every day language.
- 4 Mail your letter to the Contest Editor, American Radiator Company, 42 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
- 5 Your letter must be in the offices of American Radiator Company, 42 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., before 12 noon Thursday to be eligible for the prize the same week. Letters received after this time are automatically entered for the following week's prize. Only one letter from each home owner will be eligible for the prize.
- 6 The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 7 All letters submitted become the property of American Radiator Company.

NOTE: If possible give the name of the Heating Contractor you would want to make the installation in case you win.

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11

# Around The World On \$1.50

## How 17-Year-Old Seppl Managed to Travel Miles as a Stowaway on Ships, Airplanes, Visiting Odd Corners of the Earth With Many Unpleasant Adventures



Photograph of Seppl in Tunis Shortly Before Hiding Himself in a French Army Plane Which Was About to Take Off for Timbuctoo, West Africa.

By SEPLL POPFINGER,  
The "King of Stowaways."

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(Continued from Last Sunday.)

I HAD been in Brindisi perhaps three or four days when the Conte Rosso, an Italian luxury liner bound for the Far East, put into port. Her next stop, I learned, would be Port Said and I made up my mind that it was time I saw something of Egypt.

The passengers on the cruise were allowed to take friends aboard while the liner was at the dock and I induced an Englishman to make believe that I was his guest for a look-see at the trim ship. I managed to lose him and remained nonchalantly at the rail as the "all ashore" whistle blew and the gangplank was pulled aboard. I waved to the assembled landlubbers with the rest of the passengers and we were soon out of the harbor and making across the blue Mediterranean for the Land of the Pharaohs.

When the bugle sounded I began to think seriously of how I was to get away with inviting myself aboard such a well ordered liner. The sea was as calm as a mill pond and I knew that all the passengers would be in the chairs assigned to them in the dining salon. It would be foolhardy to go in to dinner, for I surely would be discovered as a stranger and an interloper.

Obviously I couldn't go all the way to Port Said without eating, so I decided to announce myself to one of the officers, admit that I was a stowaway and take the consequences. The captain would not order me to be thrown into the sea and the worst he could do would be to turn me over to the Port Said police.

That's exactly what he angrily promised me he would do the moment we docked. In the meantime I would be put to work. I was taken, not too ceremoniously, to the galley and introduced to the biggest bin of potatoes I've ever seen.

I had with me about 250 of the picture cards which I resorted to selling when my funds ran low—the cards with my picture and the explanation that I was traveling about the world without money. One afternoon when I was off duty for a time I stole out of the galley and made my way to the first-class smoking room. There, before anyone could stop me, I dropped the cards on the tables before the passengers.

An officer appeared on the scene and grabbed me by the collar, but some of the passengers put in a good word for me and asked that I be allowed to stay since I had been clever enough to stow away on a luxury liner. Their wishes prevailed and I sold every one of the cards. When I went back to my duties in the galley I had about \$75 in my pockets.

Again I was taken before the captain, who was in a rage at what I had done. He delegated two officers to see that I was turned over to the police the moment we docked.

Late on the night of our third day out of Brindisi the lights of Port Said appeared on the horizon. I expected to be thrown into the brig but was kept at my work in the galley until we were well inside the harbor. I watched my chances and when the chief cook's back was turned I slipped through the door and up a companionway to the main deck.

It was a good 20 feet from the deck to the water, but there was no time to be lost. I felt inside my shirt, where I kept the printing plate for my cards, and my small camera and some personal belongings wrapped in oiled silk. Then I climbed to the rail and leaped into the darkness.

I hit the water in what swimmers call a belly whopper and the breath was knocked out of me. I found it a tough job to swim in my clothes and my shoes. It was much farther to the shore than I had figured and I thought more than once that I couldn't swim another stroke. But after what



Among the Strange Sights Seppl Saw Was the Preparing of a Body for Cremation at Benares, in India. The Remains Are Sprinkled With Holy Water From the River and Then Taken to the Ghat to Be Incinerated.

seemed an hour I clutched a barnacle-covered piling and knew that I was safe—for the time being.

Once on dry land I wandered through the narrow, twisting streets and finally found my way to a hotel. The clerk looked at me in amazement but when I explained that I had fallen overboard while seeing the sights at the waterfront—and made it clear that I had ample money to pay for a room—he called a bellboy and got me a dry suit of clothes.

Next morning when I went to the Bank of Athens to change the money I had collected on the ship into Egyptian piasters and pounds, I met one of the Conte Rosso's passengers, who told me that the skipper had the police coming to the port for me. I hurried back to the hotel, paid my bill, and within the hour was rattling over the rails towards Cairo. I did not mind paying for the privilege of getting out of Port Said pronto.

In Cairo I had another supply of cards printed and, a couple of days later, was circulating them in a coffee house when an elegantly dressed Egyptian invited me to have a cup of coffee with him. He explained that he was a merchant and that his business had kept him from seeing much of the world. He evinced great interest in my travels and suggested that we go to his house and continue our chat.

His house was in the native quarter, not far away, and I found myself in a lavishly furnished room. Thick rugs covered the polished floors and great soft cushions served for chairs. The walls were hung with tapestries and all sorts of weapons—scimitars, dueling pistols and dirks. My host seated himself on a gigantic cushion and waved his hand to indicate that I was to sit opposite him. He clapped his hands and a Chinaman appeared through a doorway hung with some rich Oriental fabric. The Egyptian gave him an order which I didn't understand. The Chinaman disappeared.

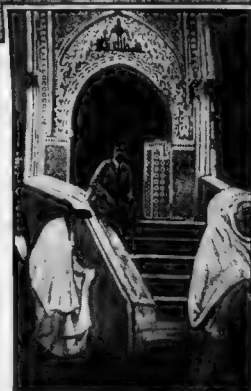
Presently he was back—with two opium pipes. His master passed one to me. I made a gesture to show that I did not care to indulge. The suave smile faded from my host's dark face and he thrust the pipe at me. Again I made it clear that I wasn't having any. Suddenly the Egyptian was on his feet and his long fingers encircled my throat. He belittled something which I took to mean that I had insulted him.

I planted one of my feet in his midriff and sent him spinning across the room. The Chinaman chattered like an excited monkey and came at me with a mean-looking dirk. By this time I had struggled to my feet and backed up against the wall. I grabbed a dueling pistol from its rack and took a firm grip on its long barrel.

That Oriental was as fast as and as sly as a cat. He aimed a blow at my heart and I barely had time to get an arm across my chest. The curving blade of the dirk was plunged almost to the hilt in my right forearm. I retaliated with a solid sock with the butt of the pistol. The Chinaman took it on his shaved head and dropped to the floor.

I moved toward the door only to find the Egyptian guarding it with a scimitar in his hand. He swung the arching blade back and forth menacingly. Fortunately for me he missed a mighty swing at my head by a fraction of an inch. The vigorous move threw him off balance and I brought the pistol butt smartly down on his sleek head.

In a second I was back in the street, running for the hotel, leaving a trail of blood behind me. The house physician dressed the ugly wound and ordered me to bed. I didn't go. Instead I checked out and joined a small party of tourists just setting out for a sight-seeing trip to the Pyramids and the ruins of the old temples at Luxor. I thought it wiser to make myself scarce in Cairo.



The Traveler Resting on the Steps of Hassan Mosque, in Cairo.

A fortnight later I ventured into Port Said, where I argued the skipper of a small freighter bound for Tunis into letting me work my passage. Where I would go from there I hadn't the slightest idea.

The part of the North African city which intrigued me most was the French military airport. The field was surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence and was heavily guarded. I should have known better than to hang around such a place, what with my Germanic face and no passport in my pocket. But the half-formed idea that I might be able to stow away in an army plane became an obsession with me and I haunted the airport until my chance came.

One night, when the sentry guarding a plane which was to take off the next morning for Timbuctoo, 1100 miles to the south across the desert and jungle, went into a nearby hangar, I managed to clamber up the fence and drop inside the forbidden area. I ran across the level stretch of sand and climbed into the cockpit. Once in, I stretched out on the bottom of the fuselage behind the observer's seat.

An hour after hour went by I knew that no one had seen me. Early the next morning I heard voices around the plane. The voices told me that the plane was to be piloted by one Captain Andre and that he was flying solo—or thought he was. The powerful motor was warmed up and I felt the plane rolling rapidly along the ground. The bumping of the wheels on the sand suddenly stopped and I knew that we were in the air.

With my pocket knife I made a small hole in the bottom of the fuselage. Peeking through this hole I saw the dun-colored landscape far beneath us. Now and then the monotony of brown was relieved by Arabian villages that gleamed white in the sun and by camel caravans moving across the desert like so many bugs. After a time the scene beneath me was one boundless sea of sand and I knew we were far out over the trackless Sahara.

The steady drone of the propeller and the smooth progress of the plane lulled me into some much needed sleep and it must have been hours later that I was awakened from a dream in which I imagined myself losing on a wild sea in a small boat. I looked earthward through my tiny porthole and saw the desert whipped into a great, smoky cloud by a wind that blew with the force of a hurricane. The cloud was rising higher and higher. Although I never had seen one before, I knew that Captain Andre and myself were winging our way through a sandstorm, and a bad one.

Suddenly the air became very lumpy, as fliers say, and the plane soared and dived sickeningly. Some of the brown cloud blew through the hole I had cut in the fuselage and the motor began to sputter. Then it stopped and I heard the gale whistling through the tail wires as the pilot sent the ship earthward. He was trying to outplane but the violence of the wind made the maneuver more like a tailspin.



Scene in a Busy Street in Cairo, Egypt, Where the Stowaway Min With the Crowds.

How he did it I don't know, but just before the plane met the sand, the pilot managed to level off and we made a tolerable landing with no damage to the ship. The captain climbed out. I thought fast for a minute or two. Then I rose from my prone position and slipped into the observer's seat. The captain didn't see me until he started to climb in after throwing his leather coat over the disabled motor.

His dark eyes almost popped out of his head and, instinctively, his right hand went to his pistol. He ordered me out of the plane and kept me covered with the muzzle of his gun.

I explained to him in French that I was a stowaway and showed him one of my cards. The whirling sand whisked the pistolboard from his hand and he launched into the most eloquent array of French profanity I have ever heard.

He thrust the pistol back into its holster and motioned me to get back in the plane. We both crawled into the fuselage away from the stinging sand and I gave him a swig out of a bottle of water I had in my knapsack. He smiled wryly and stuck out his hand. "We shook."

"Well," he said, "you got what you deserved." I nodded in agreement. The captain dug behind his seat and found a small box. It contained four sandwiches, a bottle of lemonade and a can of sardines. I added two pieces of dry bread and two chocolate bars.

"That's all there is," he said. "Unless the storm lets up soon we're done for. I can't get the ship off the ground in this wind."

When we had eaten half a sandwich apiece the Frenchman adjusted his goggles and told me to stay in the plane. He was going to have a look around.

He was gone about an hour and reported that he hadn't seen so much as a caravan trail. He didn't know where we were but guessed we might be on the southern edge of the Igidi dunes, one of the least traveled stretches of the Sahara. The rest of that day and night we huddled in the fuselage. Before morning the last of our water and lemonade was gone and our tongues were beginning to swell. Soon after dawn the wind abated a little and we crawled out to have a look at the plane and the weather.

Andre showed me to dig the drifts of sand away from the wheels while he examined the motor. We worked feverishly for perhaps a couple of hours. The flying sand brought the blood to our swollen lips, but the wind had calmed down somewhat and my companion in misery asked me if I was willing to gamble with him. I understood what he meant and nodded my head.

Andre climbed into the pilot's seat. He made contact and I spun the propeller. Nothing happened for half an hour and I thought I would drop from weakness and exhaustion. At last the motor sputtered and coughed and the blade whirled



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The Sands of the Desert Where the Stowaway Found Himself When the French Army Plane Made a Forced Landing—Not a Pleasant Place for a Stowaway to Be Discovered.



Seppi and a Native Egyptian Guide.



Photograph of Snake Charmers in India, Taken by the Traveler.



Of Course, the Stowaway Had Himself Photographed on a Camel in the Egyptian Sudan. The Guest of an Arab Who Let Him Hide from Timbuctoo to Algiers.

noisily. I staggered back and climbed into the observer's place. Andre gave her the gun, as flying men say, and we bumped sickeningly along the uneven dunes. A hundred yards. Two hundred yards. Then the bumping stopped. We were in the air.

Up through the yellow cloud we roared until we were above it. The desert sun beat down upon us. Andre turned to me and tried to smile with his puffed and bleeding mouth. How long we flew I don't know. Perhaps it was two agonizing hours. All I could think of was water, for my tongue filled my mouth and seemed to be choking me. I could see that the Frenchman was on the verge of collapse from thirst and was controlling the plane with effort.

Then the blessed miracle burst upon us. Little black dots moving on the sea of sand beneath us. A caravan—and water!

The moment we had landed Andre keeled over in his seat and, try as I would, I couldn't get out of the plane. I stared dumbly at the crowd of Arabs—men, women and children—who came running toward us, and pointed to my mouth. Then I joined the Frenchman in a faint.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the sand beside the pilot and two Arabian girls were putting water on our faces. At first I imagined that they were holding pigs in their arms but, as I regained consciousness, I knew that the "porkers" were goat skins filled with water—the best drink that ever was.

Probably those veiled Arab girls were not the dark angels that they seemed to me as I lay flat on my back. But their black eyes, filled with compassion, impressed me as the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen and my imagination invested them with faces worthy to be displayed at an international pageant of feminine comeliness. Andre and I had sense enough to drink sparingly until some of the swelling went out of our tongues. When we were able to stand we filled our water bottles, pressed most of the money we had with us into the hands of the desert maidens, and climbed back into the plane.

The swarthy leader of the caravan told us that Timbuctoo was almost due south and not more than 150 miles away. That was good news because the ship had just enough gas left to take us there. A little more than an hour after we had soared into the scorching desert air again we saw the white domes and minarets of the mosques in

Timbuctoo. Andre made a bee line for these landmarks and was soon bringing his ship down on the smooth surface of the military airport.

As the plane rolled to a stop in a whirl of dust, it occurred to me that I never had asked the Frenchman whether he intended to turn me over to the police or the military authorities when we arrived at our goal. And, for some strange reason, I could not put the all-important question to him now, although I was well aware that his sense of duty might put me in a military prison for months, perhaps years.

Half a dozen French soldiers came running up to the plane as Andre unhooked the straps on his folded parachute and climbed to the ground. They looked at me—obviously not a soldier, nor a Frenchman—with questioning and not exactly friendly eyes.

The captain threw an arm about my shoulders.

"This," he said, "is Seppi Popfinger. I found him lost in the Igidi sand dunes, many miles from Adrar."

He had strayed away from his expedition and there was nothing to do but pick him up and bring him along with me. I will make a full report of the incident to the Colonel.

The soldiers, seeing that I was a German, did not form themselves into a committee of welcome, but I was safe. Thanks to the human sympathy of a Frenchman, an officer and a gentleman, I at last felt that I deserved to wear the crown of the King of the Stowaways.

When the soldiers had moved off towards the hangar, Andre turned to me and extended his hand.

"We looked into Hell together," he said. "I wish you many more happy landings."

He turned back to his ship and I moved across the sand toward the white towers of Timbuctoo. For a day or two I couldn't interest myself much in taking in the sights of this African metropolis. I engaged a room in a small hotel and devoted myself to getting my throat and my digestive system back to normal. When my tongue was reduced to something like its natural size and plenty of food had put the starch back in my knees I set out on a walking trip of the city and some of the native villages in the vicinity.

Because the story which Andre made up to save me from prison got around the city, via the grapevine telegraph, I was not molested by the authorities nor the police, nor asked to produce a passport which, of course, I didn't have.

One day when I was in the market place watching camel trains of palm oil and ivory come in from the south, I made the acquaintance of an Arab, the boss of a caravan about to leave Timbuctoo for Algiers. If I wanted to I might make the long desert journey on the back of one of his less heavily loaded camels. I gladly accepted his offer.

The Arab was curious to know how it was that I, a German, had found my way to Timbuctoo and what business it had that brought me here. To protect Captain Andre—not to mention myself—I made up a cock-and-bull story that I was something of a lone explorer and had trekked inland from Senegal on the West Coast. I knew the West Coast and was able to tell a convincing lie.

Even with the delay occasioned by the sand storm that had nearly cost me my wanderinglust life, the flight from Tunis to Timbuctoo had

taken only about three days. The return trip, on the back of a sleepy-eyed camel, required almost three weeks.

In Algiers I rested from my tedious journey for about a fortnight and finally convinced the skipper of a small coasting schooner that he should take me to his next port of call—Jaffa, the principal port of Palestine.

From there I walked and begged an occasional lift inland, all the way to the Holy City of Jerusalem. I kept a way from parties of tourists traveling around in the wake of professional guides and visited the famous spots of interest in my own good time and my own way. I walked over the Road of Pain and stood for a long time on the Mount of Olives thinking about the drama that I had taken place there almost 2000 years ago, making the slope of that hill forever sacred.

Just as I was about to say goodbye to Jerusalem and head north for Damascus and Baghdad, two policemen approached me and asked to see my passport. I had none. The price of my over-night was five days in a sweltering and evil-smelling jail. I was set free with the admonition to get into Syria, Arabia—or anywhere except the Holy Land—with alacrity.

Thus it was that I cut my visit to Palestine short and turned my steps along the sun-parched highway to Damascus. From there, with the help of occasional lifts in donkey carts and motor cars I kept on to Baghdad and back to Beirut, that up-and-coming University city on the Syrian coast.

Some of the money I had made from the sale of my cards on the ship from Brindisi to Port Said remained and I engaged passage on a dirty, decrepit three-masted schooner sailing for Port Said. The voyage, across blue and peaceful seas, took only three days and I was back in Egypt's unholy City of Sin.



"Late on the night of our third day out of Brindisi the lights of Port Said appeared on the horizon. I was kept at work in the galley until we were well inside the harbor. When the chief cook's back was turned I slipped through the door and up a companionway to the main deck.

"It was a good 20 feet from the deck to the water, but there was no time to be lost. I felt inside my shirt where I kept the printing plate for my cards and my small camera wrapped in oiled silk. Then I climbed to the rail and leaped into the darkness.

"I hit the water in what swimmers call a belly whopper and the breath was knocked out of me. I found it a tough job to swim in my clothes and my shoes. It was much farther to the shore than I had figured and I thought more than once I couldn't swim another stroke."

I had not the slightest desire to see more of this place and, to tell the truth, I dreaded the thought of being picked up by the police put on my trail by the captain of the Conte Rosso. I made a rapid survey of the waterfront and almost shouted with joy when I saw loading cargo at one of the docks a Dutch freighter—the Princess Juliana.

I went aboard and found the skipper a friendly fellow who had little respect for stowaways but sometimes permitted wanderers to work their way on his ship. If I was not averse to performing a goodly amount of work, I might go with him all the way to the Dutch East Indies, by way of Bombay.

Next day the lines were cast off and the Princess Juliana, one of those sturdy and immaculately neat ships that Holland Dutchmen invariably sail in, moved through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea. After a day's stop at

(Continued on Page 22).

## (Continued on Page 20)



# Man's Eternal Craving For The Spicy, Now Gratified By Unique "Pickle-Food"

Recipe Handed Down Through Many Generations Enables Heinz to Duplicate the Delicious Old-Fashioned Home-made Fresh Cucumber Pickle — the Pickle That Played a Part in History.

Only the fresh picked Cucumbers reach Heinz pickle kitchen—a few hours after being harvested from the vines.

NAPOLEON'S chef would have risked dismissal if ever he had failed to serve upon the imperial table a generous dishful of a certain kind of spiced pickle. Down through history, again and again, that same type of mild and delicious pickle bobs up—as the favorite relish of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Horace Greeley, and many others.

Nor was this taste preference confined to the men of history. Catherine of Aragon, who won the heart of Henry the Eighth on the beauty of her complexion, included pickle regularly in her diet, as did Queen Elizabeth, Martha Washington and the beautiful Dolly Madison.

## Historic Recipe Restored

Pickling week in the old-time kitchen brought forth, with warm and spicy aromas, such appetizing morsels as can never be forgotten—such mild and tasty spiced pickle as most of the present generation have never tasted.

Heinz searched out the recipe for that wondrous kind of pickle which allured the appetites of men and women of olden time, great and humble. The treasured formula was at length discovered—a recipe handed down through a dozen generations. And Heinz has recreated, by following faithfully that ancestral recipe, the same home-pickling flavor that delighted our forebears.

Thus is man's eternal craving for the spicy gratified—thus is the appetizing secret of old-time home-kitchen pickling released for the world of today to enjoy without the week-long toil our ancestors endured.

## Far Different Than Ordinary Pickle

Nor to be confused with present day pickles, Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle retains all the delicate flavor and crisp tenderness of pure cucumbers picked fresh from the vines. Neither sour nor salty, these luscious spicy slices are far more deliciously satisfying than any yet packed for sale. And Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is reasonable in price.

In the Heinz kitchens they select only the fresh picked cucumbers of the superior variety developed by Heinz, who furnished the seed for these cucumbers to the grower. Within hours after these beauties are harvested they are sliced and drenched with Heinz pure vinegar, sugar and pungent spices—then vacuum-packed in jars.

## Destined to be America's Favorite Relish

Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle stimulates the appetite. As a relish or garnish for almost any dish, it provides a delightful flavor contrast. Sandwiches made with these delicately flavored, crisp tender slices are a new kind of treat. And it adds just the right racy-flavored note when served with luncheon, afternoon tea or midnight supper. Many families have a dish of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle always on the table, with every meal. Already, America has welcomed this re-created relish-thrill.

Because it is made the wholesome old-fashioned way, it is easily digestible—the ideal relish for children. It comes in generous size jars. In the refrigerator, it keeps perfectly after the jar is opened. Ask your grocer about this popular Heinz Variety.



Our Grandmothers Knew Best. Their Old-Fashioned Fresh Cucumber Pickle Has Never Been Improved On. So Heinz Makes It Precisely as They Made It.



Catherine the Great and Many Other Famous Women of the Past Treated Themselves Regularly to Fresh Cucumber Pickle. It Was Believed, Not Without Some Authority, That This Kind of Pickle Contributes Greatly to a Clear Complexion.

Help Yourself Liberally to Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. It Refreshes the Appetite and Is Extremely Easy to Digest.

## —and most important, it's one of the famous 57 Varieties

- |                                                                       |                                 |                                       |                                                        |                                         |                                            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 1 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce                   | 7 Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup | 17 Heinz Scotch Broth                 | 27 Heinz Cooked Macaroni                               | 37 Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle          | 46 Heinz Pepper Sauce—Red                  |
| 2 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—Boston Style | 8 Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup  | 18 Heinz Noodle Soup with Chicken     | 28 Heinz Pure Jelly—Cran Apple, Quince, Currant, Grape | 38 Heinz Strained Tomato Sauce          | 47 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce              |
| 3 Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—Vegetarian      | 9 Heinz Cream of Oyster Soup    | 19 Heinz Potato Pie Soup              | 29 Heinz Pure Apple Butter                             | 39 Heinz Sandwich Spread—Sweet and Sour | 48 Heinz Prepared Mustard—Brown and Yellow |
| 4 Heinz Oven-Baked Red Kidney Beans                                   | 10 Heinz Cream of Spinach Soup  | 20 Heinz Vegetable Soup               | 30 Heinz Gherkins—Sweet and Sour                       | 49 Heinz Tomato Pickle—Hot and Cold     | 49 Heinz Tomato Pickle—Hot and Cold        |
| 5 Heinz Cream of Asparagus                                            | 11 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup   | 21 Heinz Corned Beef and Hash         | 40 Heinz Olives—Plain and Stuffed                      | 50 Heinz Mayonnaise                     | 50 Heinz Mayonnaise                        |
| 6 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup                                          | 12 Heinz Bean Soup              | 22 Heinz Onion Soup                   | 41 Heinz Ripe Olives                                   | 51 Heinz Pure Apple Sauce               | 51 Heinz Pure Apple Sauce                  |
|                                                                       | 13 Heinz Beef Broth             | 23 Heinz Mince Meat                   | 42 Heinz Pure Spanish Olive Oil                        | 52 Heinz Pure Celery Sauce              | 52 Heinz Pure Celery Sauce                 |
|                                                                       | 14 Heinz Clam Chowder           | 24 Heinz Puddings—Date, Fig, and Plum | 43 Heinz Tomato Ketchup                                | 53 Heinz Tomato Ketchup                 | 53 Heinz Tomato Ketchup                    |
|                                                                       | 15 Heinz Gumbo Creole           | 25 Heinz Peanut Butter                | 44 Heinz Chili Sauce                                   | 54 Heinz Tomato Sauce                   | 54 Heinz Tomato Sauce                      |
|                                                                       | 16 Heinz Mock Turtle Soup       | 26 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti             | 45 Heinz Beef Sauce                                    | 55 Heinz Beef Sauce                     | 55 Heinz Beef Sauce                        |

# HEINZ Fresh Cucumber Pickle

# Life Girl Men Take & Fair by Maysie Greig

## A Little Chorus Girl Dreamed of Romance and Made Her Dreams Come True

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

**OTELIA WAYNE** dreams the dream of a chorus girl who becomes a great success as a dancer in a Broadway show. She meets and is fascinated by the first dancer, **Robie**. Robie, who is married, but not before he has helped out of a scrape and made Otelia a friend, gets the Prize in a contest.

Disillusioned and in the hands of a man who is not what she needs, Otelia leaves the show. She is taken to a hotel where she meets **Robie** again. He is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry. He is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry. He is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry.

Otelia is held virtually a prisoner until Robie tells her to escape to Vienna, where they find a new life. Robie is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry. He is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry. He is now a success and is looking for a girl to marry.

### CHAPTER XVIII

Robie is convinced.

**HEN** Robie finally recovered consciousness the morning following his dramatic collapse at the Blue Cabaret. He opened his eyes to find himself in a cheerful, sunny, hotel bedroom.

He stared around in amazement, wondering what had happened to him, who had brought him here. He knew that he wasn't in the dingy hotel room of Frau Schwartz's lodging house.

Slowly the events of the past night crowded back into his mind. He had gone to the Blue Cabaret to find Otelia and had seen her, his Otelia, up there dancing on the stage in a glittering costume. He had known her at once, despite her make-up. Why had she danced in public when she had promised him not to?

It hurt bitterly to think that she had done that. . . Yet he felt that there must have been some sound explanation. How good—how sweet she had been to him during his recent illness. . . Dear little sweetheart, she had probably consented to dance just in order to get more money for him. . . He longed to have her explain it all to him.

Someone was moving at the far end of the bedroom. He couldn't see clearly for the blinds were still drawn. He raised himself on his elbow. "In that you,



With a Quick Gesture, Robie Ripped the Glittering Mask From Otelia's Face. He Stepped Back in Utter Stupefied Amazement.

Otelia," he called.

He heard a swirl of skirts as a woman's footsteps came to stand him. But the next moment he was staring at a woman he couldn't believe his eyes, credit his senses. For instead of Otelia it was Delia smiling down at him. Delia with her wealth of rich red hair, her white face, her vivid crimson lips. Otelia, whom he had once thought the most beautiful of all creatures.

But at the sight of her now he experienced a sharp sense that was almost revulsion. He saw now the cruelty that lurked behind that beautiful smiling mask, the treachery in her great dark eyes. . .

"Robie," she held out her arms to him, sank down onto the bed beside him. "Robie, darling boy, after these two miserable years, I know the joy of finding you once more!"

She would have bent over and kissed him but he pushed her almost roughly away. "How did I come here?" he demanded.

She explained how they had found him at the Blue Cabaret, how his father and she had brought him here to the hotel.

while he was still unconscious.

"My father," Robie exclaimed eagerly. "Is my father here?" He felt his heart pounding. How good it would be to see him again!

"Yes, he is downstairs, waiting to talk to you," Delia told him. "Oh, Robie, thank heaven all the misery is past. From now on there will be happiness for all three of us."

"Where is Otelia?" The girl who was dancing in the golden dream," he demanded suddenly. "Is she here?"

"Of course not, dear boy," Delia laughed. "What do you want with a little dancing girl now that you have me again? Oh, I know that you've been a naughty boy but I'm willing to forgive your little indiscretions. . . She shook a finger at him playfully.

A deep flush of anger rose to his brow. "I love Otelia," he said shortly. "Please don't speak of her like that. If I give you her address will you ask her to come here to me now?"

Delia told the address, but a tight smile played about her lips as she went below to speak to Mr. Westover.

"We must get rid of this girl once and for all," she told the old man. "She is a common little chit and has evidently got our Robie in her clutches. We must cure him of this mad infatuation. You would not want a girl like that to become Robie's wife."

She persuaded Robie's father to come with her at once to interview Otelia, even before he had been up to see his son.

She was triumphant when, some time later, they returned to the hotel. She felt convinced that Otelia would not trouble Robie again! Not after all the lies she had told the girl. But Delia felt no remorse, no sorrow for Otelia's obvious heartbreak.

She wanted Robie for herself, and she didn't care what she did to get him.

Going straight to Robie's bedroom she told him that this girl whom he appeared to prize so much was nothing but a common little adventuress.

"That is a lie!" Robie said in cold fury. "How dare you speak like that of Otelia?"

"It is the truth," she told him, her black eyes flashing down into his. "Directly she found out that your father was wealthy she tried to get money out of him, promising that if he gave her a good-sized check she would go out of your life for ever!"

"That I will not believe," Robie told her curtly. "Otelia would never do such a thing! I know, because I love her. She is the sweetest girl in the world."

"You have been deceived by a pretty face," Delia flung back at him, not caring what she said in order to prove her point. "I am sure the girl has another love beside you. That's why she wanted the money, so that they could both clear out of the country together."

"Stop lying, Delia," Robie said quietly. "How dare you say that Otelia loved no one but me? Besides, do you imagine that I will believe your word after what happened two years ago?"

"Oh, Robie, darling, that was all a mistake," she cried quickly, trying to take his hand in hers. "You misjudged me wrongly. . . There was nothing between Alan Hardcastle and myself but innocent friendship. Ask your father. He knows all about it. He knows that I was innocent, that you treated me brutally, rubbing out as you did without giving me a chance to explain. But I love you so much, Robie, that I will forgive you even that. . . Take me in your arms again, my darling."

"I will believe that if you say so," Robie interrupted stonily. "That does not interest me now. It is Otelia whom I love. I will never believe that she took money from my father as you say."

There came the sound of a man's firm tread in the corridor. "Ask your father himself if you don't believe me!" Delia exclaimed.

The next moment the door was thrown open. Father and son were face to face for the first time in two long years.

"Dad. . ." Robie faltered. He dearly loved and respected his father. The estrangement had been a bitter blow to him.

Tears rushed into the old man's eyes at the familiar name on his only son's lips.

"Robie, my boy. . ." He went towards the bedside. The next moment the hands of the two men were gripped in a firm, tight pressure. Neither spoke for some minutes. The silence was tense with pent up emotion. Robie felt something choking his throat. . . his father clasping his hands once more, after all the bitter words that had been spoken between them.

"Dad, you don't know how happy it makes me. . ."

The old man wiped his eyes. "And me, too, my son. Believe me these have not been happy years for me with the thought that you were wandering alone on the continent, that we might never see each other again. It was Delia, bless her, who persuaded me to pocket my pride and come and look for you. She's a great girl, my lad, sweet and true. I can't understand how you could have gone off on the very day of your wedding, leaving her alone to face the cruel, malicious gossip."

Robie's face hardened. So his father was as much under the influence of Delia as ever!

"I'm sorry, Dad, but I don't care for Delia any longer," he said slowly.

A flush of annoyance rose to the old man's brow. "How can you say that, my boy, when she has been instrumental in reuniting us? You can't imagine how faithful she has been to you these two years past."

Robie lay back upon the pillows with a sigh. There was an uncomfortable silence in the room. Then Robie said abruptly: "Dad, there is a question I want to ask you. Did you go with Delia to see Otelia this morning?"

The old man nodded. "I did, my son."

"Isn't true, what Delia says. . . That Otelia took money from you to pass out of my life?" Robie asked suddenly, in a hoarse, tense voice.

Mr. Westover turned his head away. His son's agonized, pleading eyes were almost as much as he could bear. Besides, he had felt unhappy in his mind ever since his interview with the little fair-haired dancing girl that morning. Her love for Robie had appeared to him genuine, despite all that Delia said.

He was haunted by the last picture he had had of her, standing listlessly by the fireplace, her shoulders slumped, her golden head bowed in her hands. . . Then he looked across at Delia. After all, she was the right wife

for Robie, of his own social class. Besides, he had hurt her and it was only honorable that he should marry her. Again, he had no definite proof that this dancing girl was different from what Delia insisted, only interested in Robie for the money he had suspected his father must have.

He remembered too the time when Delia and he had met her in the restaurant. It was obvious

that she had come in and ordered without sufficient money to meet her bill. It was only logical to presume, as Delia suggested, she had been looking for some man to pay for her. . . His heart hardened at the thought. She wasn't the sort of girl he would wish his son to marry. Better play up to Delia and squish the whole affair.

"Yes, she gladly accepted a check from me. Quite a large one."

(Continued on Page 13)

### SHIVERS CHEER NEW! COLGATE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM!

World's Leading Shave Cream Experts Bring Out New Product That Amazes Shavers

WHAT A SHAVE! AND, BOY, THAT NEW LOTION EFFECT IS GOOD NEWS TO ANY MAN'S CHIN!

HERE, men, is a Brushless Shave Cream that even the die-hard "brush and lather" boys get a clean, smooth shave—the kind that no other shaving cream has ever given them. A 50% closer shave—utterly without razor pull or irritation!

NO GREASE, either, in Colgate Brushless Shave Cream! No clogged, gummed up razors!

**New lotion effect!**

And Colgate Brushless has a brand new LOTION EFFECT. A special ingredient smooths your skin as it goes on—keeps your face feeling fine all day. You can shave twice a day, if necessary, without the least "sting" or burn.

Buy a tube today! Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 40¢. You'll find that Colgate Brushless Shave Cream will give you the fastest, smoothest, most comfortable shaves you ever had! To prove it, we make the offer at right—take us up on it!

**FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY FREE! LARGE SIZE 25¢ TUBE**

Simply mail to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., an empty can of toothpaste or a tube of Colgate Dental Cream. We'll send, prepaid, a large 25¢ tube of Colgate Brushless Shave Cream. Act now!

**COLGATE SHAVE Cream**

**LARGE TUBE 25¢**

**40¢ GIANT TUBE**

**NO BRUSH—NO FUSS—JUST SHAVE!**

*C'est necessaire*

**TO BE LOVELY ALL OVER!**

**SAY ALLURING**

**Parisiennes**

*...and they tell you how*

"PALMOLIVE IS THE FAVORITE BEAUTY SOAP IN FRANCE BECAUSE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, IT KEEPS FACE, ARMS, AND SHOULDERS SOFT AND SMOOTH."

*Renard Beland*

**PARISIAN BEAUTY SPECIALIST OF PARIS, FRANCE**

**HOW** well they know, these glamorous French girls, that to be lovely alluring, you must be lovely "all over" . . . with face, arms, shoulders, back . . . soft and smooth!

That is why they use Palmolive more than any other beauty soap . . . for the bath as well as face.

**Why not make their secret yours?**

See how this beauty soap . . . because it is made only with olive and palm oils . . . actually soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. Use how utterly different is lather

is. Rich, velvety, deeply penetrating . . . but never irritating!

As a matter of fact, it is olive oil, *softening skin*, which gives Palmolive its soft, olive-green color. This very color assures its purity.

So keep lovely "all over" with Palmolive. Use this wonderful soap with precious olive oil for your complexion and bath. Learn for yourself why Palmolive is the favorite beauty soap in France, Italy, Germany and seven other European countries.

**THE WORLD OVER more women use PALMOLIVE than any other beauty soap**

### ANDRA SAVES HER JOB!

DON'T EVER SUDS UP AGAIN TO TAKE MY DENTITION! MY MOUTH IS GOOD BUT HER BREATH!

SORRY YOU OVERHEARD! ANDRA, COULD IT BE YOUR TEETH?

MY TEETH? CAN TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?

YES, MISS LEE, MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. IT IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN THE CRACKS BETWEEN THE TEETH.

FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE—HE SAID COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM WAS THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH—THOSE MOODY FOOD DEPOSITS AND MOODS MOVED THEM FRESH!

AND THEN—NODDING HERE BUT THAT MISS LEE! I WILL SEND HER IN!

VERY GOOD, MISS LEE! I AM SORRY—I ER, THAT IS, I AM GOING TO WARY YOU TO DO A LOT MORE OF MY WORK IN THE FUTURE!

WELL, I GUESS THAT PROVES THE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS ERASED MY BAD BREATH—AND MY TEETH HAVE NEVER BEEN SO BRIGHT!

**Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!**

Why take chances with bad breath? Colgate Dental Cream not only gets teeth brighter, but thoroughly cleans the crevices between your teeth, where food deposits collect and cause bad breath. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits which ordinary cleaning fails to reach.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

**20¢ LARGE SIZE**

**35¢ GIANT SIZE**

**COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

**PREFER POWDER?**

Colgate Dental Powder shows the same results, and is the same price, carries the same clean-up-your-back guarantee.

## Consider the Fall Cleaning Closet

**B**ACK from vacation, almost the first item on the home-maker's list is "Fall Housecleaning." And that means a survey of the cleaning tools on hand, whether the home be a three-room apartment or a large detached dwelling.

For "dust we are" truly, and clean we must, personally, day after day. We may buy our dinner out of a can, or send all our soiled clothing to be washed out of the home, but we cannot send away our daily cleaning chores to be done for us says the Director of Appliance Experiment Station.

That is why cleaning and all its subdivisions is so important, and why the tools and appliances to lessen this daily labor should be chosen with care and used so as to get the maximum service from them.

First, however, we must have some definite and well designed space and closet devoted to cleaning tools. True, more homes now than formerly have a so-called "broom closet," but this is usually a closet in some out-of-the-way and badly planned one at that.

No stallion, or very deep space is really satisfactory—the ideal closet is not more than 15-inches deep, and as broad across as space permits—at least four feet wide. It need not be higher than six feet, as that is the longest that broom handles are made, and the test of the efficiency of a broom closet is just that point: will it contain the broom handle, upright, without catching and sticking?

In many a rear hall, in the angle formed where a stairhead goes down or up in its well, is always a suitable location. In the second story there should be a duplicate closet (with its own lock) so that it is not necessary to run up and down with the same cleaning aids. In this upstairs location, the closet must be near the bathroom, or placed against the linen closet or similar use door.

Recently there has been placed on the market a better designed flat or shallow wall closet which is designed to hold cleaning tools of all types. This shell or outside cabinet opens like a true door, and reveals within hooks, shelves and conveniences for the complete cleaning closet. This particular model is made in a revolving form—that is, the surface which holds the tools slowly turns to the hand—and this feature is an advantage.

It may be said in passing, that no form of such wall door closet should ever be screwed onto a

genuine connecting door—otherwise its weight will cause the door to sag, scrape, and also catch the heels of the persons going back and forth.

While the large and popular vacuum cleaner of the exposed dust-bag type is always useful in any home, there are many conditions better fitted even by the small hand or junior model. Such a small model may well replace the various clumsy attachments often sold with the larger model.

This cleaner is held in the hand while its nozzle is pushed over tapestry, stuffed furniture, stair treads or wherever required. It averages about 20 inches by 6 inches, and this is compact, and space saving.

Its light weight makes it a pleasure to use, while the compact design of its device makes for rapid dirt removal. This kind of model may be fitted with a desiccator and sprayer attachment, thus permitting the room to be freshened with a deodorant, or moths and insects to be sprayed with insecticides.

Again, there is still need for the ever-useful carpet sweeper of the familiar old-fashioned type. There are countless times when one wishes to remove a few crumbs around the table, or a litter of small bits of paper or sewing thrums, when to bring out a heavy cleaner would be noisy and unnecessary.

The carpet sweeper, like every other household appliance has seen improvements and the latest models are fitted with removable dust pans. This feature makes it possible to keep the sweeper free from threads and lint or accumulated dust wool.

When the brush is snapped out of the sweeper case, it leaves a clean empty shell—or pan which is always sanitary. This sweeper, moreover, is adjustable to carpets having low and low naps—another point in its favor.

Years ago the writer was probably the first one to suggest that the typical low hand dustpan have a long handle attached to it to prevent the usual back stooping when sweeping up into the pan. In 1910 such an idea was revolutionary. Since that time, however, there have been many models of long handled or trap pans which automatically close up as they are lifted by their handle.

A still more recent development in this line is to be seen at a housefurnishings fair: this is a combination pan and brush both on long handles, and so made that when the brush is lifted from the floor, the dustpan also rises

from the floor, and automatically shuts—thus preventing its contents from scattering. One motion, and there, both lift pan and brush and close the pan not so bad!

The way of the oiled mop is rapidly dying, for the housewife soon discovered that there was nothing much worse than to have oil rubbed along and into the fibers of her good rug while she mopped the typical oil-mop around the floor. However, the dual-mop made of string or fibre or wool, is always a handy, indeed a necessary, article of daily use.

The points to watch for are that the handle is sufficiently long so that one may work upright with good grip, and yet not have to stoop. And again, that the head of the mop be so shaped that it is flat enough to go under shallow furniture. Also, the head should slip off easily—or be divided, for easy washing or cleaning.

Too often the mophead is lumpy—or the metal connections or butterfly bolt, is made imperfectly so that the head slips up and down on the handle, thus requiring constant adjustment. The writer has one such being tested at this moment—it is impossible to use it for 10 minutes without picking it up and tightening the bolt. This should not be necessary in a good and well designed model.

A mop with a head of soft wool is the most desirable cleaning tool for walls which are papered. The soft wool will not injure the paper, but it will brush up and absorb cobwebs and soft dust. Always stand such a mop upright in the cleaning closet to keep the head clean.

For walls which have some of the heavier coverings or surfaces which must be really brushed to remove their soil, there is a long-handled soft bristle brush of fine grey bristles. Run this brush up and down the walls, and along the corners and other projecting mouldings and surfaces, and it will brush off accumulated dust as nothing else will.

For cleaning wicker or rattan and similar furniture, use a spoke brush of heavy black bristles set in a pointed brush, and these points may be pushed in and back so as to remove the dust from the under side and other difficult places. It is similar to a tufted pointed button-brush but much larger. Both are excellent in cleaning all living-room and dining-room suites.

For dusting, the housewife is offered a box of dusting paper which polishes as it dusts and which holds dust quite as well as any rag or dust cloth. This dusting paper comes in rolls, just as does wax paper, and one may use a dusting sheet for every cleaning need then throw away, leaving no unhygienic "rags" behind.

Another novelty is a small bag of whitening, or similar prepared cleaner, which is to be wet and then passed rapidly over any surface of glass, mirror or polished furniture. The moist bag leaves behind a soft silvery film, which then to be polished off with a cloth of the chamoiné type.

And mention of chamoiné reminds one that nothing has yet been perfected to excel this time-honored cleaning cloth—chamoiné, the skin of the mountain or Swiss deer. A chamoiné cloth is so pliable, it washes so well, but when squeezed dry will absorb every speck of moisture—and dirt which is held by that moisture.

Several firms put out a good boxed assortment of cloths for all cleaning needs. For the new housekeeper, especially, such a box is an advantage because she may not yet be familiar with various kinds of cloths and their purposes.

Some of these are impregnated with chemicals which enable her to clean silver or polish brass as she rubs with the cloth. These are very useful where the family is small and there are only a few bits of metalware to be polished or rubbed up each week.

Another of the new developments in cleaning aids, is a preparation which may be mopped onto any floor, linoleum, or furniture surface, and which thus rapidly and easily imparts a high "plane polish" to any surface on

which it is so mopped. That is, suppose one has a small bathroom or kitchenette fitted with a linoleum floor. No need to send for a painter. Just use this convenient liquid preparation by mopping it on the floor which has first been well washed and dried. It should be spread out—not rubbed in.

A small can is sufficient to cover a floor approximately 12 feet by 12 feet. This is a very effective way to refresh or rearm small areas, such as mentioned, the bathroom or kitchen the dining room, and other spots where the wear is heaviest.

All cleaning mops or dusters etc., which are built on a wire frame are more sanitary because they are easier cleaned. All that is necessary is to wash the mop or other tool in very hot suds, and, ready to use, hang pin to dry on the outdoor clothes line.

Cleaning work loses half its drudgery if the tools used are up-to-date and in best condition. Don't leave the checking up to the tools wanted in a couple of weeks, until the last moment! Consider the cleaning closet—and a long stride will be made toward a successful Fall housecleaning.

## Menus for Fall Entertaining

| Formal Luncheon                                                                      |                                               |                                       |                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Clear Soup                                                                           | Toasted Tapioca Crackers                      | Olives                                | Sweet Pickles   |
| Roasted Suetheads with Parsley Toast Points                                          | Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce              | Strawberry Clifton Tartlets           | Homemade Coffee |
| Informal Luncheon                                                                    |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Watercress and Cucumbers with French Dressing                                        | Graham Nut Muffins                            |                                       |                 |
| Gingerbread Upside-Down Cake with Frozen Whipped Cream                               |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Stag Supper                                                                          |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Mixed Grill—Roasted Sausages, Roasted Lamb Chops, Roasted Tomatoes                   | Plum Jelly                                    | Ice-Cream Graham Rolls or Nut Muffins |                 |
| Mustard Pickles                                                                      | Lettuces and Radishes                         | French Dressing                       |                 |
| Roasted Crackers                                                                     | Ice Cream with Strawberry Sauce               |                                       |                 |
| Formal Wedding Buffet Luncheon                                                       |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Cream of Tomato Soup in Cups                                                         | Saltines                                      | Supreme of Suetheads                  |                 |
| Chicken in Aspic Jelly on Lettuce                                                    | Green Mayonnaise                              |                                       |                 |
| Roasted Nut Sandwiches                                                               | Wedding Cakes                                 | Small Wedding Cakes                   | Coffee          |
| Cold Supper for Warm Evening                                                         |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Grilled Bonito                                                                       | Crisp Bread Sticks                            |                                       |                 |
| Crab Salad in Lemon Juice with Cornish of Stuffed Tomatoes and Shaved Cucumber Salad |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Roasted Beef-Boiled Rolls or Thinly-Sliced Bread (English Style)                     |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Cheery Olives                                                                        | Fruit Compote                                 | Emergency Cookies                     |                 |
| Red Tea or Punch with Fresh Mint Lemon Cubes or Crushed Ice                          |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Wedding Breakfast                                                                    |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Carolina Fruit Cocktail                                                              | Philadelphia Lobster in Swedish Timbales      |                                       |                 |
| Roasted Watercress Sandwiches                                                        | Jellied Chicken Mousse                        |                                       |                 |
| Good Luck Ice-Box Rolls                                                              | Angie Aspic with Bitter and Fruit Decorations |                                       |                 |
| Bride's Cake                                                                         | Bananas                                       | Coffee                                |                 |
| Picnic                                                                               |                                               |                                       |                 |
| Chilled Canned Asparagus Hearts                                                      | Cold Baked Ham (Sliced Thin)                  |                                       |                 |
| Potato Egg Salad                                                                     | Peach-Coffee or Ice-Box Rolls                 |                                       |                 |
| Filled Lemon Cakes                                                                   | Red Coffee                                    | Ginger Ale                            |                 |

# NEW PENNZOIL TAKES YOU Farther, Faster, Safer!

## Here's Proof!



**Sensational performances, on land and in air, show how new kind of oil saves oil, gas and repairs!**

● New Pennzoil stands up even under the terrific strain of record-breaking speeds! It makes your car go farther, faster, and safer! You save big money on oil, gas, valve and piston ring repairs! Here's proof!

**Farther!** In a special Indianapolis test run, with New Pennzoil in his crankcase, "Deacon" Litz, veteran race driver, not only roared 500 punishing miles at more than 102 miles an hour... but he actually used 55% less oil than ever before during this run! The same New Pennzoil saves you money by cutting your oil consumption—it goes farther.

**Faster!** The magnificent new record-breaking Union Pacific streamlined train, further perfected and now on regular high-speed schedule between Chicago and Portland, Oregon, is lubricated exclusively with New Pennzoil. The same New Pennzoil makes your car faster—lets your motor run freely.

**Safer!** More than 50% of scheduled U.S. Air transport mileage is flown by Pennzoil-lubricated planes. United Air Lines with 3-mile-a-minute Boeings flying coast-to-coast, and Eastern Air Lines' Douglas and Electra airplanes on 8-hour New York-Miami schedule, use the same New Pennzoil that makes your motor safer. New Pennzoil's tough film does not break down and cause repairs.

**EXTRA SAFETY—COSTS LESS!**  
Think of it! These experts, who must have safe, economical motor lubrication, choose New Pennzoil. They know that Pennzoil's new solvent process eliminates the damaging sludge that causes valves to stick and piston rings to leak, wastes oil and gasoline, and results in repairs. With New Pennzoil you save up to 50% on oil, up to 15% on gasoline, and cut valve and piston troubles 75% to 90%.  
New Pennzoil costs not a penny more... get it today from any bonded Pennzoil dealer, just ask for the correct grade for your car.

**14 OUT OF 33 DRIVERS IN THIS YEAR'S INDIANAPOLIS RACE USED NEW PENNZOIL**

This New Pennzoil was purchased at regular service stations by representatives of the American Automobile Association, under whose auspices the race is held each year. The race is held in the 14 winners, to guard against injection of foreign ingredients.



**TOUGH-FILM**  
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**THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER... FASTER... SAFER**  
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## FREE HOLLAND COSTLY FURNACE REPAIRS

**Now Is The Time To Ask For Your FREE Holland Inspection Of Your Entire Heating System**

**Costs You Nothing To Be Sure Your Furnace Is SAFE For Another Winter**

How much fuel did you waste last year? How many parts in your furnace have been strained, cracked, warped?

Is your heating system really safe for another season?

A FREE Holland inspection will give you the best answers. And will be your best guide to safety and sure comfort this winter.

Perhaps your drafts control stick and send good "paid-for heat" seeping out the chimney.

Perhaps your chimney doesn't draw properly. A little cement patched in around a few bricks might cost you a half dollar now and save you a ton of coal before next Spring!

What has Summer corrosion done to your smoke pipe? (You know, Summer is really harder on a furnace than Winter.) A little patch work now might easily remove a dangerous fire hazard.

Perhaps there are a lot of little things, to be caught and corrected at this time, which will save you real punishment from costly repairs in the dead of Winter—when you can least afford to let your fire go out!

**PHONE YOUR NEAREST HOLLAND OFFICE**  
For a complete free local telephone directory for branch nearest to you—or use the coupon at right.

**A HOLLAND FREE INSPECTION** is your best safeguard. And remember it costs you nothing! Inspect your furnace in no way to have the most experienced heating engineers make this inspection for you. It's all a part of nation-wide Holland service. Holland is second to none as the world's greatest SAVERS and reconditioners of furnaces for home owners.

By all means ask for your free inspection now to avoid the terrible Fall rush.

**CLIP AND Mail TODAY!**

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- ☐ Free Inspection.
- ☐ Vacuum Cleaning for my entire heating system.
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- ☐ Combined cleaning and reconditioning.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# The Girl Men Talked About Mayzie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

ized check," he said slowly. He didn't look at his son as he spoke; he couldn't. He looked instead at Della. She smiled him encouragement.

"The girl understood quite clearly that I only gave her the money on the understanding that she should pass entirely out of your life," he added after a moment's tense pause.

Robin's face whitened slowly, a look of intense suffering passed over his face. How could he believe that Otelia was a girl like that? . . . And yet he had never known his father to lie. The old man was the soul of honor. He buried his face in his hands and what could be the explanation?

Suddenly he sprang out of bed. "I'm going round myself to see Otelia," he said, a new note of resolution in his voice. "I cannot believe what you say about her until she has confirmed it with her own lips."

"You mean you would believe this dancing girl before me and your own father?" Della interposed angrily.

"I would believe Otelia before the whole world," Robin answered evenly.

"You are not in a fit state to go there by yourself," his father said. His voice shook as he spoke. Much as he loved his son he felt disappointed that he should prefer the fair-faced dancing girl to the beautiful Della. "If you insist upon going we will accompany you."

Some little time later the three of them drew up in a car before the house where Robin and Otelia had lodged.

Frau Schwartz met them at the door. "If you're looking for your wife—or, as you call her, she's gone," she said gruffly. "Cleared out bag and baggage. A handsome young man called for her and they left together."

"There!" Della interposed triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you? The girl has cleared out with the other lover. She's been fooling you all the time."

"Do you know where they went?" Robin demanded hoarsely, turning towards Frau Schwartz. Brown-eyed he looked desperately to the hope that there was some explanation for Otelia's conduct.

She shrugged. "Not for sure, although I did hear the young man tell the taxi driver to take them to the station from where the train left for Lavinia."

"Lavinia!" Robin uttered the word aloud in incredulous astonishment. He felt his brain reel. Otelia had gone to Lavinia, the last place surely where she would want to go! It was an inexplicable enigma. Why had she gone back to the country she hated? And who was this strange young man who had apparently come with her?

## CHAPTER XIX. An Amusing Invitation.

THE Scarlet Cabaret in Lavinia was the last word in luxury. Otelia gasped at the sheer bizarre extravagance of everything as she entered the cabaret the following evening in time to dress for her turn.

The hangings were rich royal scarlet set against a background of dull gold. The little tables, set around the dance-floor, had golden cloths while all the waiters wore scarlet dress-suits.

Outside she had seen huge posters advertising the appearance of the Golden Mystery Dancer. The manager, Mr. Weissmann had told her that all the society of Lavinia would flock to see her.

Otelia felt distinctly nervous of her own free will she had ventured into the lion's den. . . Could she escape the watchful eyes of Boris and his men? Would they recognize in the famous Golden Mystery Dancer the little American girl they had been searching for throughout Vienna?

Otelia had spent the day wondering about Gracia, the capital. There was something about the city that she didn't like, an air of sordidness or lurking evil. The streets were dark and narrow, the houses were dingy and their roofs seemed almost to meet overhead, shutting out the sky. It was a grim little town, enclosed on all sides by the high Black Mountains of Lavinia.

She told herself that she wouldn't stay here one moment after she had accomplished her mission. But how was she to do that? How to see the Princess Esther and deliver Prince Eric's message?

She was pondering that problem as she put on her make-up for the show that night. She didn't know where the Princess Esther was to be found and anyhow, it was doubtful whether the Princess would consent to see her. Yet, that message from Prince Eric must be delivered.



"I bring a word to you from someone who loves you," Otelia whispered, Dropping to One Knee—"someone you believed to be dead, but who isn't dead"

and quickly. She had heard that Boris had his marriage to her annulled? That was another problem that Otelia wondered about. He must have . . . otherwise how could he contemplate marrying this Princess? She hoped he had. It would be a relief to know at least that she was no longer legally tied to a man she detested.

As she stood in the wings, about to dance onto the stage, the manager whispered, "We have royals here tonight. Up in the far box. . . You must dance your best!"

"Who are they?" Otelia stammered.

"King Boris himself," the man said proudly. And with him his royal fiancée, the Princess Esther."

Otelia swayed suddenly, she felt as though her knees wouldn't

support her. Boris—here at this cabaret! Would he recognize her, in spite of the golden mask?

She clung limply to the wings while the orchestra played the overture, not knowing what to do. . . Should she refuse to go on and dance? But it was too late now. . . The manager had pushed her gently onto the stage.

Afterwards Otelia never knew how she got through that dance. All the time her eyes were drawn, fearfully, as though by hypnotism to the box where Boris was sitting in the shadows. She couldn't see them distinctly. . . She prayed that Boris was too occupied by his future bride to notice her. . . But supposing that he did recognize her?

The loud applause at the conclusion was sufficient proof that Otelia had done her best despite the awful dread that had been

clutching at her soul. She escaped in exhaustion to her dressing room. She had scarcely sunk down onto a chair when the manager appeared, smiling, in the doorway.

"Excellent, excellent performance," he murmured, beaming down upon her. "I have a great donor for you, my dear. Your dance so pleased the Princess Esther that she wishes to congratulate you personally up in the royal box!"

Otelia stared back at him in terror, unable for a moment to reply.

"I can't go," she stammered at last. "Please, I can't!"

A flush of annoyance and surprise crossed the manager's face. "But you must," he said shortly. A request from the Princess Esther is a royal command."

Otelia was in a quandary. She felt that to permit, in her refusal would only throw sus-

picion upon herself. Should she trust to luck that Boris' keen eyes would not penetrate her glittering golden mask? Besides, mightn't this be her opportunity of saying a word to the Princess Esther?

Suddenly she decided to risk it. "Very well," she said, "I am ready."

Her heart was throbbing in her throat as a few minutes later she was ushered into the royal box. Boris! For a second she forced herself to glance at him.

How well she remembered that handsome, arrogant face! How well she knew every feature—the flashing black eyes, the thin straight lips; this was the man whose glamor she swept off her feet, who had once had the power to thrill her utterly.

How differently she saw him now! Now that the cruelty of experience had opened her eyes, now that he had twisted the jagged knife of disillusion in her heart.

As she sank down on her knees before the royal couple in a deep courtesy, she glanced up at the Princess. She saw that the Princess was very pretty, with curling dark hair, white skin and pearly brown eyes. She could understand why Prince Eric adored her.

But how sad she looked! How listless, as though nothing in life counted any more. Was she grieving for Eric whom she believed to be dead? Did her heart ache with his memory? Was she dreading her coming marriage to Boris?

"I enjoyed your performance immensely," the Princess said in a low, charming voice.

"Yes, very good," said Boris briefly. Then, immediately he turned and resumed his interrupted discussion with one of his aide-de-camps, as though a little dancing girl couldn't possibly interest such an august person as the King of Lavinia.

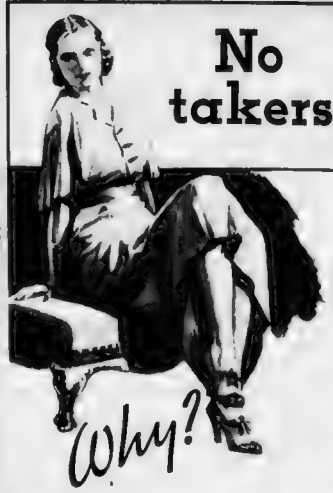
Otelia almost breathed her thankfulness aloud. So he hadn't recognized her!

Princess Esther beckoned Otelia to come closer. "I have heard as much about your fame as a dancer that I was anxious to see you!" she began.

While the Princess was speaking Otelia had glanced swiftly around. She noticed that no one

(Continued on Page 18)

## No takers



MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice girl. But please excuse me."

There's just one reason She's never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobility to blame but herself. For it's so easy, three days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With MUM!

It takes just half a minute to use MUM. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. MUM is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily MUM habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit—it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 73 West St., New York.



## MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY MARKING, MUM will keep you from offending in this way.

HAVE you ever thought of keeping a scrap-book of the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and other unusual articles and illustrations published regularly in "THE AMERICAN WEEKLY"? Start one with features contained in this issue that interest you!

# "Camels don't get your Wind"

William J. Tilden, Jr. Tommy Aronson Ben Gehrig (Glenn) Gorbey  
Helene Madison Helen Wicker Georgia Coleman Craig Wood  
George W. Lott, Jr. Wal. Schumacher Gene Sarazen Fred Haddock



**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

What Big Bill Tilden says about Camels is worth any smoker's attention. "I've got to keep in top physical condition," says 42-year-old "Iron Man of Tennis." "I smoke Camels, the mild cigarette. They don't get my mind or upset my nerves. I've smoked Camels for years, and I never tire of their smooth, rich taste!" And other tennis stars . . . Lester Stofen, George Lott, and Bruce Barnes . . . agree with Big Bill about smoking Camels. So turn to Camels. You'll like their mildness too!

FAMOUS ATHLETES APPROVE CAMELS SO THEY MUST HAVE REAL MILDNESS. THEY ARE GENTLE TO MY THROAT AND WHEN I'M TIRED I GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

CAMELS DO NOT FRAZZLE MY NERVES OR UPSET MY CONDITION, AND THAT CAMEL TASTE IS JUST WHAT I WANT. MILDNESS COUPLED WITH FULL RICH FLAVOR!

HOMEMAID—Mrs. J. B. Feeley ACCOUNTANT—C. A. Petersen

**So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT**

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN YOU KEEP FIT! SO YOU SEE WHY I TOOK SMOKE CAMELS. I'VE SMOKED THEM FOR AGES AND NO MATTER HOW MANY SMOKE THEY DON'T AFFECT MY WIND

I FOLLOW TILDEN SARAZEN GEHRIG AND THE OTHER SPORTS STARS IN SMOKING CAMELS. I SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY. THEY NEVER GET MY WIND

WRITER—Ellen Tighe REPORTER—Dick Hungerford

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY Winston-Salem, North Carolina © 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.









## How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair In 3 Minutes

Without Making It Grow Faster, Coarser or Stubbler



## Now Get Rid of Hair This Easy, New Way

**N O RAZOR**, no dread of causing a stiffer, faster, stubble-like new growth. No messy pastes or powders; and no terribly offensive odor, strong enough to "smell up your whole house." Instead a marvelous liquid discovery, entirely new to most women, that removes leg or arm hair and leaves "no dark stubble shadow." A new, quick, 3-minute way that is as easy as washing your skin with soap and water—a way that simply can't make hair grow faster, stiffer or coarser. See the ugly, hairy skin replaced by the soft, smooth beauty of a clear, hair-free skin.



And get rid of ugly leg or arm hair entirely without encumbering a course of sticky, smelly, irritating treatments.

**What To Do**  
There are just two simple easy things to do. First put this lady with De Miraclo, as this new miraculous liquid discovery is called—wait 2 or 3 minutes, then wash hair away with water—pleasant, easy, quick and inexpensive. See how much smoother, softer and free of hair it leaves your skin. Be happier and perhaps more unafraid of letting others see your skin than you ever have in your life.

**Will You Make This No Risk Test?**  
Will you test De MIRACLO without paying a cent? Then put a bottle of De MIRACLO, 21 and 21¢ size, in a box under our postage guarantee. If you are not completely pleased and satisfied with the wonderful results of your money-back test, return your bottle and make your test today.

**Get Rid of Leg or Arm Hair**  
**DeMiraclo**  
Removes Hair

**Cuticura Talcum**  
Cooling Refreshing

Medicated with fragrant, balsamic oils, Cuticura Talcum, dusted on after the bath or as a finishing touch to the toilet, is refreshing and comforting. Instantly this superfine talcum touches the skin three oils start their soothing, break work and your skin is protected against irritation.

Price 35c.

## Maddening ITCH Banished in Seconds

"ATHLETE'S FOOT" . . . POISON IVY . . . BITES . . . RASHES . . . ECZEMA!

WHY suffer the maddening torment of burning, itching skin? For any kind of itch on any part of the body, simply apply soothing cooling HYDROSOL and amazing relief follows in seconds! And relief is lasting. HYDROSOL penetrates through the skin, helping to cure the itch, soothe the skin, and soothe the skin. Millions have found it an unalloyed blessing for all kinds of itching outbreaks—eczema, athlete's foot, "Athlete's Foot", pimples, prickly heat and many others. Used by doctors and hospitals with great success for years. Now available to the general public for the first time. Ask your druggist for HYDROSOL.

**Hydrosol**  
Liquid or Ointment  
30c-60c

# The Girl Who Told About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 31)

cease either? Was it to see how it would feel to be Queen of Lavinia?

"I would rather be dead than be Queen of Lavinia with you," she said in a low intense whisper. "But I do come here to see that you shouldn't ruin poor Princess Esther's life."

"And how do you think that you are going to prevent that?"

"By telling the truth," she announced. "You have admitted tonight that I am your wife. Do you think the Princess will marry you when she knows that?"

Boris smiled a smile which made Otella's heart miss a beat. "But you will have no opportunity of telling her the truth, my beautiful," he derided softly. "Until after the ceremony I shall keep you safely here. A very sweet little prisoner to be sure."

"Even you would not dare do that," she flung back at him.

But, even as she said this, she knew very well by his darkly evil smile that he would dare. She felt herself go numb suddenly with a chill sense of horror. It was as though black waters were closing over her head. . . .

Her eyes grew dim. . . . Yet through it all she saw the cruel flash of Boris' nearer, nearer. . . .

Then everything, even Boris' face, seemed far away and blurred. . . .

She felt a scream rise in her throat, but she never uttered it. She had fainted. . . .

**CHAPTER XXI**  
Dilemma.

**M**ANVILLE back in Vienna. Boris was living through an agony of doubt and despair. He couldn't tell her. Otella had deliberately given him up in exchange for a check from his father. . . .

It seemed impossible when he thought of her dearest, how sweet she had been to him as he had lain at death's door in Frau Schwartz's gloom-lit lodging house. And then there was the mystery of the young man with whom she had gone to Lavinia. . . .

Who was he—and why should they choose Lavinia, the country Robin knew she dreaded more than any place in the world? . . .

Delia infuriated him. There had been a look in her eyes all that day of "There, I told you so!" . . .

Once she said outright, "You poor Robin! And that's taken in like that by such a common little girl. . . . and a girl who loves another love!" . . .

"That is a lie, Delia," Robin replied quietly. "And I believe you know it." . . .

Delia smiled at him in a maddening way. "Sweet of you to have so much faith in her," she murmured. "But dear, you can't escape facts." . . .

Facts, yes, the facts looked bad. Robin had to admit that even in telling her the truth, he had given him up. Had gone back to Lavinia with another man. . . .

But, even as she said this, she knew very well by his darkly evil smile that he would dare. She felt herself go numb suddenly with a chill sense of horror. . . .

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And then there was the mystery of the young man with whom she had gone to Lavinia. . . .

Who was he—and why should they choose Lavinia, the country Robin knew she dreaded more than any place in the world? . . .

An extraordinary feeling, which he could not name, that somehow she was in danger. He sat up abruptly in bed in a cold sweat of fear. Supposing that she did need him and that he failed her?

Inaction became a terrible, intolerable torment. As he lay there in torment, he heard a low knock at the door. Thinking that it was his father, he opened the door and found his father and the lamp beside his bed and called, "Come in."

The door opened cautiously. But instead of his father it was Delia who tip-toed into the room. Delia! He stared at her. What was she doing in his room at this hour of night? She wore a negligee of old rose brocade that intensified the autumn-red color of her hair, which fell loose over her shoulders. Her small feet had been thrust into black satin slippers whose heels patted on the floor as she walked.

Her eyes, great dark eyes that had been thought reflected the light of the stars themselves, shone brightly from out of her pale oval face, a face that was without color except for the red and white of her lips. She was a sight to make any man lose his sense; any man, Robin thought, would do her wrong.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

For answer she stretched out her arms to him. "Robin, dear love," she whispered, "I couldn't get to sleep. I'm so lonely. How cruel you were to me today, my darling. So cruel after the weary day I have spent searching for you. Smile at me, my dearest, as she spoke she sank down by his bed. She tried to wind her soft arms about his neck, to nestle her head down onto his breast, but he brushed her cheeks against his.

"Robin," she whispered, "Do you remember that night in the garden when you kissed me first? Do you remember how you swore that you would never love another woman? I believed you, Robin. . . . her great dark pools of eyes mistled over with tears. "It was such a won-

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Her soft accented hands clung to his shoulders, she forced him to look into her eyes. Robin's brain swam suddenly. . . . The past seemed to flow back over him. . . . It was as though Delia's beauty in Boris' voice. He thrust back his head and laughed. "Fate, the love bird," he continued, "did you really think you could escape me by fainting? No, my sweet Otella. There is still the reckoning between you and me."

He smiled down at her ironically. "Sense of decency! Come! You are you to talk of decency. Little one, when you ran away from me, you left your husband with another man? Yes, my Otella, there is much you must answer for."

"Since you hate me so much why don't you let me go, divorce me," she demanded, staring up at the ceiling with wide hopeless eyes.

"But, I am divorcing you," he explained. "Soon I will be free of you, but you, that is another matter. How dare you say that to me, to me, when so many have loved! I despise you. . . . you who professed to love me. . . . How common little dancing girl you are!"

"Please go, Delia," Robin said quietly. "I am going to get up and dress."

Delia stared at him in amazement. "I will stay," she managed to gasp at last.

But that seemed only to amuse him. "Yes, many times in the coming weeks it is possible that you may wish to die. But I shall see that you do not have the opportunity, my dear. You will be guarded constantly, even while you sleep there will always be someone watching you. . . ."

**To Be Continued Next Sunday.**  
Copyright, 1934, by Maysie Greig.

**By Mrs. Christine Frederick,**  
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

**The Charm of Kitchen Woodenware**

It is an odd fact that in the midst of this so-called mechanical age with its accompanying glorification of metals there should be a revival of interest in that oldest of all materials—wood. Today wooden novelties, woodenware, and, above all, dishes and plates, fashioned from wood are taking first place in household utility.

In early times, of course, wood was almost the only available substance from which to carve or whittle cups, plates, bowls and other household objects.

In the period of the Crusades or that of the Normans, practically the entire table service was made of wood. The traditional bowl and joints of veneration being the wooden oak platters, while the guests quaffed deeply from their crude but stout leather goblets which they pounded lustily on the table.

Later came the brass of pottery, iron, steel, brass, copper, china, porcelain, enameled iron, aluminum, chromium and the numerous modern alloys which result in shining and gleaming but at the same time, non-tarnishable metals.

One by one they crowded out wood, which is, of course, liable to crack; which is perhaps a little more difficult to clean and wash, and which is limited in its possible design by its own inherent character. Thus wood can neither be spun nor cast, and hence not made of a mass-production scale.

However, today's hostess may avail herself of the charm of woodenware which has a soft, polished surface often showing the beauty of the natural wood grain in many places where light in weight; which has a resilient cutting surface not possible with any material other than wood; and which has now put forth in numerous striking and useful objects.

The entire table service in use of wood which no other material can ever supersede. That of a cutting surface. Nothing can stand up against wood as a surface on which to cut, roll, chop or do other kitchen culinary work. The bread board and the meat board, the sandpaper board, the board of wood they must be.

Of course, the good housewife has a board for each purpose and never wears, never thinks of rolling pastry on the vegetable board or the meat board or vice versa. But the sturdy and smooth milled head should come in handy these days when lesser quality of meat and poultry are more frequently. Pounding tough steaks does really break meat and make the cooking and the eating of fibrous meats more enjoyable. The meat-pounder looks like a hammer with a cube hand carved into points which will tear and break the meat surface against which they are hammered.

Speaking of pounding meat provides a good opportunity to mention the good old meat-steak-pounder, too. With its square milled head should come in handy these days when lesser quality of meat and poultry are more frequently. Pounding tough steaks does really break meat and make the cooking and the eating of fibrous meats more enjoyable. The meat-pounder looks like a hammer with a cube hand carved into points which will tear and break the meat surface against which they are hammered.

Articles of woodenware seen particularly useful to outdoor use. Wood may be "rustic," but the modern hostess is finding it both smart and sophisticated. For the farm, the week-end cottage, or that little place in the country, rustic woodenware provides a spot of charm up for a special occasion.

Butter buckets of wood, too, are wooden boxes for holding salt and animal supplies, can be painted gaily in colors familiar to peasant crafts. For the country home a good set of wooden bowls would be charmingly fitting.

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never, never wash a salad bowl in the dishpan! Never!

The salad may be emptied from it, and then the bowl rinsed with clear water and dried gently, with little pat. Gradually, after years of use, the epicure's salad bowl assumes the tan of old leather, and the bowl, a genuine meerschaum pipe, and by the same process of cooking, slow aging in the wood.

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# Little Surprises for Your Family

By Mary Lee Swann,  
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

**Sauerkraut Cocktail.**  
MIX sauerkraut juice and tomato juice in equal proportions. Chill and serve in chilled cocktail glasses. Serve with small crackers or a few pieces of Melba toast. Very small crackers containing caraway seeds may be bought from many grocers and are very nice with cocktails or other appetizers.

**Jellied Clam Cocktail.**  
SOAK 1 tablespoon gelatin in 2 1/2 cups cold water. Dissolve in 1 1/2 cups frozen canned clam bouillon. Season with a few grains celery salt, 1 tablespoon catsup, 1 or 2 drops Tabasco sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a few grains paprika. Strain and chill. Just before serving cut in small pieces or break up with a fork. Serve in ice cold cocktail cups.

**Surprise Hors d'Oeuvres.**  
BEAT cream cheese until smooth and creamy. Form into small balls. Roll in cavari until each ball looks like a blackberry. Garnish with crisp watercress and serve with very thin potato chips.

**Chicken Roll with Cream Sauce.**

SIFT 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening. Moisten with about 1/2 cup milk or thin cream. A little more milk may be needed to make dough sufficiently soft. Turn out on lightly floured baking sheet, knead slightly, pat and roll into a rectangular sheet. Spread over it about 2 cups of chicken and chicken moistened with well seasoned white sauce made with milk or cream and the chicken liquor or stock. Roll like a jelly roll, brush over with cold milk and bake in a hot oven. Serve with white sauce served with a few cooked mushrooms.

**Jellied Chicken Loaf.**  
PREPARE 1 package of lemon flavored, quick-setting gelatin as directed. Set in a pan of cold water until mixture begins to congeal and then add 1 1/2 cups drained, cooked chicken, 1/2 cup chopped, dried pineapple, 1/2 cup finely chopped heart celery, 1/2 cup broken pecan nuts (walnuts or finely shredded blanched almonds may be used) and 2 or 3 tablespoons finely chopped green or ripe olives. Turn into a cold wet mold and let stand overnight in ice box. Turn out on deep heart lettuce or watercress and serve with cream mayonnaise. Garnish with cold tomato cups filled with crisp cabbage and celery salad.

**Economy Lamb Loaf.**  
REMOVE meat from a 3 or 4 pound shoulder of lamb. Pass through meat grinder two or three times. Add 1 cup fine stale bread crumbs, 1 cup strained tomato pulp, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 3 or 4 tablespoons lamb stock and, if you like the flavor, 2 or 3 finely-chopped mushrooms. Add about 2 tablespoons melted butter and mix well. Shape into a loaf, place in a greased baking pan and bake in a quick oven, or at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, about 1 hour. Baste frequently with drippings in the pan. Serve with Green Pea Sauce or Savory Lamb Sauce.

**Savory Lamb Sauce.**  
BREAK lamb bones and cover with cold water. Let stand overnight about 1 1/2 hours. Add a slice of onion and a few peppercorns, and simmer gently 2 or 3 hours. Strain. Melt 3 tablespoons of fat from drippings in the baking pan, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Stir constantly until delicately browned. Add about 2 cups of the lamb stock and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper and celery salt and add 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento.

**Ham (Tee Room Style).**  
CUT a slice of ham the desired size. Spread with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard and 2 or 3 tablespoons light brown sugar, add 1/2 cup water and 2 tablespoons vinegar and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees F., for 15 or 20 minutes. Cover with 2 or 3 bananas, sliced crosswise and lengthwise, sprinkle with 2 or 3 tablespoons light brown sugar and bake about 15 minutes, basting several times.

**Jellied Veal.**  
SOAK 2 tablespoons gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Dissolve in 2 cups boiling chicken or veal stock. Season with 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2 cup mild vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika and a few grains celery salt and set aside to chill. When mixture begins to congeal add 3 cups ground cooked veal and, if desired, 1 finely chopped pimiento.

ente. Turn into a glass or earthen loaf pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill. Turn out on bed of crisp lettuce or cress. Serve with or without your favorite horseradish sauce.

**Baked Bean Luncheon.**  
SOAK 1 quart pea beans overnight in cold water to cover.

Then wash well and parboil with 1/2 teaspoon soda in boiling water until they are tender but not mushy. Rinse with clear water. Drain. Turn into a bean pot, add 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 cup strained tomato pulp (if desired), 1/2 cup molasses, 2 tablespoons minced onion and 1/2 pound scalded salt

pork. Push the pork to the bottom of the pot. Cover the beans with boiling water. Put on the bean pot lid. Bake slowly in a moderate oven for 8 or 9 hours. Add a little hot water if needed. About two hours before removing from oven bring the salt pork to the surface and score it with a sharp knife. Allow it to

brown. Serve hot with Boston brown bread and Variety Cook Salad.

**Frankfurters en Brochette.**  
ON greased skewers or green wood sticks place alternate pieces of tiny frankfurters or link sausage and sliced tart apples unpeeled. Brush with melted butter or bacon fat and broil 12 or 15 minutes. Serve one skewer to each person.

**Bacon and Mushrooms en Brochette.**

ON greased skewers arrange bacon and mushroom caps, broil with melted butter and broil until bacon is crisp, about 7 or 8 minutes.

**Lemon Cakes.**

CREAM 1/2 cup butter, add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually and beat well. Add 4 well beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift 1 1/2 cups pastry flour with 1/2 teaspoon soda and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add the grated rind of 1/2 lemon and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to the butter mixture. Add 4 stiffly beaten egg whites alternately with the sifted flour to the first mixture. Turn into cake pans lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven. When cold cover with any desired frosting.

**Old-Fashioned Supper Biscuits.**

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 tablespoons butter. Moisten with a scant cup of milk. Turn out on lightly-floured board, knead slightly and pat and roll about 1/2 inch thick. Shape with small cutter and bake in a hot oven about 12 minutes. While piping hot, break open and spread with honey which has been mixed thoroughly with equal quantities of soft sweet butter and thick cream.

**Coffee Cakes.**

CREAM 1/2 cup butter, add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually and beat well. Add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and beat again. Mix and sift 1 1/2 cups pastry flour, 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Combine the flour mixture with 1/2 cup broken walnut or pecan meats. Add creamed mixture with 1/2 cup strong, cold coffee to the butter mixture. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered muffin pans, cover when cold with Mocha Frosting and roll in finely-chopped nuts.

**Steamed Cabbage with Sour Cream.**

WASH and shred 1 small head of cabbage about 3 1/2 pounds. Steam until tender. Heat 1 cup thick, sour cream in top of double boiler. Add 1

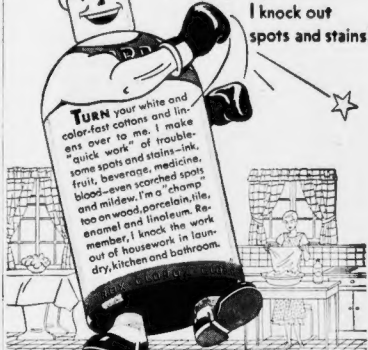
beaten egg, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir constantly over hot, not boiling, water until thick and creamy. Combine with the drained cabbage and serve immediately.

**Mocha Frosting.**

CREAM 1 1/2 tablespoons butter, add 1/2 tablespoon cocoa and beat well. Gradually add 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar. As mixture thickens, gradually add 2 1/2 tablespoons strong, cold coffee. Beat until creamy and smooth and flavor with a few drops vanilla.

**Celery with Cheese.**

CUT outside pieces of celery in inch pieces. Cook about 2 or 3 cups of the celery in boiling salted water until tender. Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup sweet cream, a few grains pepper and 1/2 teaspoon salt and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice and the cooked celery. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle 1/2 cup grated or sliced cheese over the celery and then sprinkle cheese with 1/2 cup graham bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoon butter. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.



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Every time Clorox is used to bleach, remove stains or destroy odors, it disinfects—an added safeguard to health! Clorox makes refrigerators, coolers, drainboards, garbage cans, sinkroom equipment, bathtubs, basins and toilet bowls clean and sanitary... Because Clorox is a concentrated solution, a little goes a long way! This modern wonder-worker is an effective germicide—pure, safe, dependable—it has many important personal uses... The label tells the story.

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PROTECTS...IT DISINFECTS  
BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS



WHEN you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, clinging "armhole odor" is the way you smell to everyone who comes close to you! No matter how carefully you disinfect your underwear, if any moisture collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor."

There is no short cut to underwear daintiness. Cream and stick deodorants are easy and quick to apply, but they are made to deodorize only. When you realize they cannot stop perspiration, you understand why more and more women take a few extra minutes to use Liquid Odo-ro-no.

They have learned that the only sure way to sweet-

ness is through complete underarm dryness. Your doctor will tell you that Liquid Odo-ro-no is perfectly safe for you to use. It simply draws the underarm pores gently together—it does not dry them up and cannot injure them in any way.

Odo-ro-no comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. At all drug and department stores. Mail coupon for samples and leaflet.

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JUDITH MILLER, The Odo-ro-no Co., Inc., Dept. 526, 171 Hudson St., New York City (Opp. O. B. No. 230, Montreal)  
I enclose \$6 for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Liquid Odo-ro-no and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

| MONDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | TUESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | WEDNESDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | THURSDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | FRIDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | SATURDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | SUNDAY                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
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| Breakfast<br>Peanut Juice,<br>Whole Grain<br>Cereal,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Egg Salad,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Unsalted<br>Peanut<br>Juice,<br>Cereal,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Egg Juice,<br>Green<br>Scrambled<br>Eggs,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Grapefruit,<br>Soft Fried<br>Eggs,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Tomato<br>Juice,<br>Cereal,<br>Scrambled<br>Eggs,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Shred<br>Omelette,<br>Cereal,<br>Scrambled<br>Eggs,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. | Breakfast<br>Pineapple,<br>Cereal,<br>Scrambled<br>Eggs,<br>Fruit<br>Toasted<br>English<br>Muffins,<br>Apple Butter,<br>Coffee.<br>Luncheon<br>Emergency<br>Soup,<br>Stuffed<br>Eggs, Baked<br>Potatoes,<br>Onion Soup,<br>Chestnut<br>Sauce, Raisin<br>Pie.<br>Dinner<br>Roast<br>Turkey,<br>Mashed<br>Potatoes,<br>Cranberry<br>Sauce, Apple<br>Pie. |

## American Weekly Patterns



**PATTERN 3015—SLENDERIZING HOUSE**  
PROCK BELIEVES IT'S SIMPLER TO COMBINE ONE'S YOE WITH A PATTERNING CAPELET. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

**PATTERN 3132—CLOVER INTERWEAVING OF**  
DIAGONALS IN SCARF, RAGLAN SHOULDERS, AND NECKLINE EXTREMELY FLATTERING TO THE "FAIR FORTIES." Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

**PATTERN 3285—YOE AND SLEEVES IN ONE**  
IN SIMPLY CUT FROCK WITH STITCHED

**PLEATS AND BOW-TIE.** Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

**PATTERN 3097—TWO FROCKS WITH BUT A**  
SINGLE YOE. BIG SISTER'S DRESS IS BELTED. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

**PATTERN 3284—PELUM IN FRONT FOR TWO-**  
PIECE EFFECT IN DOUBLE-TUCK FROCK. TOPPED BY CONTRASTING COLLAR. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

**PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.**  
Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



CAMAY offers Lifetime Incomes to make your "Dreams Come True!"

*First Prize*

**\$1,000**

**EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE**

*Second Prize*

**\$500**

**EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE**

*Third Prize*

**\$100**

**EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE**

\$1,000 EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE \$1000

\$500 EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE \$500

\$100 EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE \$100



*Free!*

**These YEARLY INCOMES FOR LIFE and 1210 other Cash Prizes! Win Lifetime Independence by writing a simple, short Slogan for CAMAY!**

**R**EAD this page—and the whole course of your life may be changed—with Happiness Ahead! Opportunity is knocking on your door—and the very best of Good Fortune may soon be winging its way to you!

So reach for a pencil and piece of paper and write a 10-word slogan—a simple, sincere statement—for Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

Is that all you do? Yes—that's all! And your Camay slogan may bring you independence for life! Think of it! Security—freedom from worry—all the extra luxuries that money will buy!

**CAMAY OFFERS YOU BEAUTY AND WEALTH**

Camay—the beauty soap that has helped millions of women to have lovelier complexions, of finer texture and greater freshness—offers you this chance to win happiness!

You young folks, who have been delaying your marriage because money is scarce! You wives, who are struggling along on a meagre income! You mothers, with dreams of a college education and success for your children! You should enter Camay's great Contest and try for a prize. Think of it! You have a chance to win \$1,000 a year every year for life—or \$500 every year for life—or \$100 every year for life! Or one of 1210 additional cash prizes!

1213 prizes in all—every one cash—3 of them lifetime incomes that go on year after year without a break! And even if you don't win one of these prizes, you're sure to win the reward of a clearer, fresher skin.

**IT'S EASY! JUST WRITE A CAMAY SLOGAN**

You can write a slogan as simple as this one: "Camay—the gentlest beauty aid for the feminine skin." Or this: "Complexions win Compliments with Camay." Write down anything that comes to your mind—10 words or less—for, who knows? the thing you say about Camay may be the very slogan that will win a big prize!

It will all come so easy when you try Camay yourself. Get several cakes today. Feel its soft, caressing lather on your skin—its gentle cleansing action. Notice Camay's fragrance, as delicate as your party perfume. Look at your skin after you've used Camay—see how much clearer and fresher it is! And how beautifully clean!

**READ THESE EASY RULES!**

- 1 Write a slogan about Camay in 10 words or less.
- 2 Print your name and address plainly on your entry and attach 3 green-and-yellow Camay wrappers.
- 3 Mail your entry to Camay, Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio. Enter as many slogans as you wish, but each one must be written on a separate sheet of paper and each must be signed and sent in with 3 Camay wrappers. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, September 30, 1935.
- 4 The first three grand prizes are lifetime incomes, which will be bought by Procter & Gamble for the winners. The \$1,000 first prize, \$500 second prize and \$100 third prize, each will be awarded on December 25, 1935, and every Christmas Day thereafter during the lives of the respective winners. All other prizes are one-time cash payments.
- 5 All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, suitability and individuality. Katharine Chubb, Associate Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*; Hildegarde Filtmore, Beauty Editor, *McCall's*; Ruth Murrin, Beauty Editor, *Good Housekeeping*, will be in charge of the judging and their decisions shall be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. All entrants will be mailed a complete list of prize winners.
- 6 Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families.
- 7 The contest applies to the United States and Hawaii only and is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations. All entries, and the prizes thereof, become the property of Procter & Gamble.

**READ WHAT LAST YEAR'S HAPPY WINNER OF "\$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE" SAYS:**

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me was winning Camay's First Prize last year! I'm free from financial worry, forever! It's mighty nice not to have to be careful about money! And of course I'll use Camay always—prize or no prize. Camay is a real beauty aid."

(Signed) Helen Duncan

**HERE'S ALL YOU DO!**

Write on a plain piece of paper a slogan for Camay, 10 words or less. Mail your entry with 3 green-and-yellow Camay wrappers. Send in as many slogans as you like. Just remember to enclose 3 Camay wrappers with each one! **READ THE EASY RULES at the left!**

And don't delay! Act now! This contest closes at midnight, September 30. Begin to send your entries in today. Be one of the first whose slogans come to the judges' hands. What a grand opportunity! The chance of a lifetime to **MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!**

**LISTEN IN WEAF and the N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast Network**

Barry McKinley in "Dreams Come True"—also up-to-the-minute news of Camay's sensational "\$1,000 A Year for Life" Contest... Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—3:45 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Consult your local newspaper for broadcast time in your city.



**1213**

**BIG CASH PRIZES!**  
Win one of these Camay Yearly Incomes!

**Grand Prize**  
**\$1,000 Every Year for Life**  
or \$12,000 in one Cash payment, if the winner elects

**Second Prize of**  
**\$500.00 Every Year for Life**  
or \$6,000 in one Cash payment, if the winner elects

**Third Prize of**  
**\$100.00 Every Year for Life**  
or \$1,200 in one Cash payment, if the winner elects

**1210 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES!**  
10 Prizes of \$100 Cash Each  
100 Prizes of \$10 Cash Each  
100 Prizes of \$5 Cash Each  
1000 Prizes of \$2 Cash Each

**CAMAY**

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**